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THE TRAGEDY OF THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC*

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

Journalism beckoned to David R. Francis as the Universal Exposition of 1904 passed into history. President Francis visited European countries, carrying extraordinary credentials from Washington to make acknowledgments of the United States government and to present gold medals from the United States mint for the foreign participation. He had adjusted his business affairs. He realized that his sons, upon whom he had imposed the responsibilities of much detail of his private business while he was engaged in the World's Fair administration, were fully equal to them. There seemed to be opportunity knocking for new activities. Then it was that Mr. Francis felt the appeal of newspaper management. The winding up of estates had brought into the market *St. Louis Republic* stock. Beginning with a minor interest, Mr. Francis increased his holdings. His original motive some years previously had been to protect Charles W. Knapp, for whom he had a warm personal friendship dating back to the time when they had been of the first platoon in a crack St. Louis militia company, "The Engineers."

When additional purchases of *Republic* stock placed him in the position of largest stockholder, Mr. Francis thought seriously of giving his personal attention principally to the management of the property.

"I believe I would like newspaper work," he said. "I am thinking of taking hold of *The Republic*."

At that time Mr. Knapp was the editor. There was no lack of talent upstairs. What *The Republic* needed was aggressive organization and business management.

*From the MSS. of David R. Francis, *His Recollections and Letters*, by Walter B. Stevens.

Under Colonel John Knapp, the father of Charles W. Knapp, the *St. Louis Republican*, not then abbreviated, had been a notable money-maker, judged by local newspaper standards in the sixties and seventies. It had created independent fortunes for three families. Its mechanical plant was not surpassed outside of New York. Its symbolic 'coon topped one of the earliest skyscrapers in St. Louis.

But with the passing of Colonel John Knapp, the paper was allowed to lean too much on prestige. The new journalism was ignored. The paper was paying dividends when Mr. Francis bought his first stock in it, about the time he ended his term as governor of Missouri. Net earnings decreased gradually until 1908 when dividends were suspended. Mr. Charles W. Knapp argued that the falling off in profits was only temporary. Mr. Francis, applying his business standards, decided that the proper course was to conserve resources and build up the property. Once discontinued, dividends were never resumed. In 1912 the *Republic* failed to show any profit.

When he felt the urge to take the active management of the *Republic*, Mr. Francis recalled his newspaper experience during his first years as a clerk for the commission house of Shryock and Rowland. At that time he prepared a weekly review of the St. Louis market for the *St. Louis Times*. The commercial editor of the *Times* was Major Henry Ewing, one of the earliest business friends of the young commission clerk.

But Mr. Francis was not permitted to carry out his newspaper purposes after the World's Fair. His help was sought in one enterprise after another. It was said that he had more partners than any other St. Louisan. Corporation after corporation sought him as a member of its directorate. His civic spirit was appealed to for the use of his name and his thought in varied public movements. Was it any wonder that he never found the time to carry out his vision of newspaper management? He sought East, West, South and North for the expert help which might restore the century-old newspaper to its one-time commanding position. Man-

ager succeeded manager. Editor followed editor. On the list were newspaper men who had proven their worth in other fields. Mr. Francis talked with successful publishers of newspapers in other cities and solicited suggestions which might meet the problem he had. He visited Joseph Pulitzer on Jekyll Island with the view of negotiating a merger of the *Republic* and the *Post-Dispatch*. "For the purpose of negotiating a union of the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Republic*" was the way he put it. But the visit was not satisfactory. Mr. Pulitzer put a valuation of approximately \$3,000,000 on his paper. Mr. Francis expressed surprise at the estimate. But Mr. Pulitzer argued that the way to judge the value of a newspaper was to take the average net earnings for a period of years and find what an investment those earnings would represent on the basis of a fair per cent of return.

When Mr. Francis took over the majority of the *Republic* stock about 1910, he made Collins Thompson secretary and treasurer of the company, and his personal representative. Mr. Thompson had been his secretary throughout the World's Fair period and his companion in his travels following the Fair. In a letter from Petrograd, after he became ambassador to Russia, Mr. Francis wrote to Mr. Thompson of the motives which had prompted him to acquire the newspaper and told of his growing disappointment with the results.

"I have been very solicitous lest the tone of *The Republic* should be lowered. I was willing to put more money into the paper provided all of you who are on the ground and in touch with the situation were convinced that the outcome would justify the increased outlay. I have looked forward to the time when, having separated myself from the interests with which I have been identified, I could without embarrassment take charge of the paper myself. It seems, however, that I am going to die,—when I do die, and I hope that is a long way off—in the harness, which may after all be the best way to make an exit. I also did cherish the hope for many years that one or more of my sons would take kindly to journalism, and had a dream of making *The Republic* a family monument and source of income, and at the same time a

great educator and an influence for good in the city and section of its publication. While that dream has not been realized, and in fact has been almost dissipated, the fact remains that *The Republic* is on my hands, and has been an established institution in St. Louis for more than one hundred years. This imposes upon me a sense of obligation. I feel that it would be a reflection upon me for the paper to lose its influence, to say nothing of its proving a financial failure under my control and ownership. I don't feel for a moment that I have been negligent of my duty to *The Republic*, or to its stockholders, or to its readers, or unmindful of my position in the community and section where it circulates, and I have always attempted to fulfill the responsibility devolving upon me, and have done so regardless of my personal interests, financial or political.

"I have lived in St. Louis for fifty-one years, having left my home in Kentucky when fifteen years of age. After going to college four years in St. Louis, I graduated in June, 1870, owing at that time \$450. On the 8th of June, 1870, I began commercial life as a shipping clerk on the St. Louis levee, in the days when the commerce of St. Louis and of the Mississippi Valley was on the Father of Waters and its tributaries. From that time to this, a period of more than forty-seven years, I have never passed an idle month, and have experienced very few idle weeks or days.

"For more than twenty years I have been the head of my family and of its branches, because for that time I have been the oldest male survivor. I have been very active, if not prominent, in commercial life, and in public life generally. I have reared and educated a family of six sons; have held public office in city, state and federal government; have been active in public work of an unofficial character; and flatter myself that I have been imbued with a fair degree of public spirit.

"I have thus hastily mentioned the salient points in my career to justify my semi-conceited statement that I have wasted no time in my life. I don't claim for a moment that I have not made mistakes, nor that, in the light of sub-

sequent events, I could not have used my time and energies to better effect. An overwhelming percentage of the friends of my youth have passed away. A large majority of the colleagues of my mature manhood have joined the great majority. And now, almost every week brings to me in a foreign land, far removed from the scenes of my youth and manhood, intelligence of one or more of my associates crossing the Divide.

"This is more reminiscensing than I have done in any letter written since I left home, and I fear you will consider it an indication of a decline in vigor or mentality,—don't fear either, however. These thoughts have been born of an interrogation put to myself by myself as to whether I am in any way culpable or responsible to any extent for the loss of influence and prestige, not to mention revenue, experienced by *The Republic*.

"I am far away from *The Republic*, and have been so long separated with conditions in the newspaper world in St. Louis and in America that I must leave the management and fate of the paper to those in control. Your letter is evidence of the deep interest you feel in the welfare of the property, and convinces me that I made no mistake in placing you in the position you now hold. It is a source of regret to me, however, that the development of the property has not enabled it or me to aid you more effectively, in order that you might realize the possibilities which your relation to the property might have been said to offer. Don't think for a moment that I cherish in the slightest degree any feeling or thought that you have not given your time and endeavor to the work you have in hand. Your disappointment that the outcome has not been more satisfactory is only second to mine."

Of the 5,000 shares of *The Republic* stock outstanding, Mr. Francis and members of his family owned 3,079¾. The average daily net circulation for March, 1916, the month before the Ambassador sailed, was 111,372. The losses had not been heavy up to that time. Replying to a farewell message from the staff of the paper he wrote:

"Somehow I feel more hopeful about the paper than I have for some time past. It appears to me there is a different spirit pervading the whole force."

In a letter from shipboard to Paul W. Brown, the editor, Mr. Francis said:

"My separation from you is so great and communication requires so long that I am at a great disadvantage. Leaving *The Republic* was one of my greatest obstacles in the way of going to Europe."

From the spring of 1916 to the winter of 1919, the letters of the Ambassador contained frequent mention of his "concern" about *The Republic*. Print paper advanced rapidly until it had more than doubled in price and was hard to get at that. Wages and salaries increased steadily on newspapers as in all other kinds of business. Receiving the report that *The Republic* had fallen short of paying expenses by \$27,400 in the first six months of 1916, the Ambassador wrote to the editor, Paul W. Brown:

"Suppose you know that *The Republic* is giving me a great deal of concern. Notwithstanding the efforts you all are making, the financial results are far from satisfactory."

To his personal representative, Collins Thompson, he sent this:

"I wish *The Republic* did not give me so much concern. Sometimes I feel disposed to sell it at whatever it will bring. Do you think it is possible to put it upon its feet? I cannot see why St. Louis, with its surrounding country, cannot support two morning dailies. You have a community with a population of 1,000,000, and there must be 1,200,000 people who can get the morning paper at their breakfast tables."

Those were months which tried newspaper men's souls. *The Republic's* experience was no exception. There were consolidations, abnormal expenses, suspension of dividends, controversies with advertisers over increased rates. Advances in subscription prices were general.

In August *The Republic*, as did most of the other morning papers, raised its price. The change on street sales was from one to two cents. The immediate effect was a decrease in

circulation notwithstanding the feverish interest in war news. *Republic* street sales dropped 6,000 in a few days. Carriers lost 2,000 patrons.

As did some other newspapers, *The Republic*, resorted to subscription contests to offset the declining circulation. In the case of *The Republic*, results, at least temporarily, were gratifying, so much so that the manager, Mr. Lilley, was able to write to the Ambassador:

"*The Republic* made a profit in October for the first time in three years."

The November showing also was good. The Ambassador wrote to Collins Thompson:

"I have received a cable giving the welcome intelligence that the November business of *The Republic* showed a balance of \$11,000 on the right side of the ledger. I do hope that the December business will not show a loss. What I most fear, however, is the business of the new year, into which of course, the cost of print paper under the new contract, will enter."

The apprehensions were well founded. The net circulation of *The Republic*, temporarily sustained by the subscription contest, soon again began to decline. In February, 1917, it had fallen to 104,291. While the monthly gap between income and outgo fluctuated somewhat, the end of the year showed worse than the preceding annual statement.

Through 1917 and 1918 Ambassador Francis bore this burden, meeting the monthly deficits from his private resources. More wearing than the money losses was the sense of failure in a long career, almost without precedent, of successes. Compared with the stress and strain of diplomatic service in Russia, the experience with *The Republic* may seem insignificant, but it was the last straw. The Ambassador, with Russian affairs still taxing him, came back to the United States in the winter of 1918-1919 to find *The Republic* in desperate straits. He wrote from White Sulphur Springs, where he was recuperating:

"Have received your statements of January, February and March business of *The Republic* and find them, as you say, anything but encouraging; \$71,962.65 loss for the first

three months of this year is positively discouraging. It is worse than I feared. At this rate the loss for 1919 will approach \$300,000."

To Festus J. Wade, who, as president of the Mercantile Trust Company, represented some minority stockholders in *The Republic*, Ambassador Francis wrote on May 9th, 1919, from Rye Beach where he was convalescing from the London operation:

"*The Republic* owes Francis, Brother & Company, \$601,000 which I have guaranteed to the firm, and the trial balance shows an additional monthly loss of considerable amount. I endeavored to keep in touch with *The Republic's* affairs when in Russia, but on account of the irregularity and infrequency of the mails was unable to do so as closely as I desired. However, I think that I could not have managed the property any better than the directors who were in St. Louis and had the administration of affairs in my absence. To say that I was shocked upon learning of the indebtedness of *The Republic* would inadequately express my feelings upon receiving that information. For your information and for that of those whom you represent, I would say that I would not purchase their holdings at any figure. I have not proceeded to foreclose the mortgage securing this indebtedness lest it would injure the prestige of the paper, and furthermore have constantly hoped that each month would show an improvement in the business, but I am on the verge of concluding that my expectations of improvement are elusive and my hopes in vain. Have you anything to suggest?"

All of the advances required to keep *The Republic* going Mr. Francis had made without calling upon the minority stockholders. For ten years and more his mind had been open on newspaper management. As he traveled he had sought information from successful newspaper men. He had given a free hand to the successive editors and managers of *The Republic*. These comments will illustrate about as far as he went in his own opinions.

"I can give no suggestions from here about how the paper should be managed, but have written several times that

to my eye a paper with less display headlines and with a dignified typographical dress would be more pleasing. At the same time Lilley may be better acquainted with the tastes of *The Republic* readers or subscribers than I am.

"I think I have called attention to the light manner in which *The Republic* seems to treat all subjects whether serious or not."

But the most pointed illustration of Mr. Francis' open-handed policy toward *The Republic* was given in the closing months of its career. "The New Era" it was heralded. What this meant in *The Republic's* policy was explained by the new editor, Sam Hellman, in a letter of May 27, 1919, to Mr. Francis:

"I am confident," he said, "that *The Republic* can be made the great and prosperous paper that it should be if we will hew to the line of real democracy and consistently get out a paper in which the people of this territory will have confidence.

"In the past *The Republic* has devoted too much of its space and energies to the so-called society people. We have defended big business at every turn, fought labor unions, derided social reformers and otherwise distinguished ourselves as a class organ—a paper of the property interests of the city.

"And what has *The Republic* gained by its championship of the vested interests? Nothing. The rich advertiser whom we defended at every turn gave his advertising to the *Post-Dispatch*,—a newspaper that has always fought for the masses, or pretended to. The wealthy class have praised us for our editorial attitude, cussed out the P-D, and then given all their business to the P-D. The reason is simple. The *Post* reached the masses and the advertiser wanted to reach the masses. He did not let his personal likes or dislikes interfere with his business.

"So much for the material end. Today we are getting out a paper for the people because we think it is the right thing to do. We are not fighting rich people. On the con-

trary we are defending honest accumulation with all our might. What we are fighting is profiteering, selfishness and inhumanity, unfair industry, greed and dishonest competition. We believe that every man has the right to acquire wealth but we do not believe that he has the right to acquire it at the expense of wasted children and overworked and underpaid men and women. We believe in a fairer distribution of the good things of life. The New Era means a square deal for all of God's creatures.

"*The Republic* faces this difficulty. The people are not yet convinced that we are sincere. After one hundred years of fighting for the vested interests, it is hard for the masses to understand that we have taken up the cudgels in their behalf.

"Consistent plugging along our New Era line will bring its rewards. Of course everything cannot be done in this department. The best article in the world will not sell unless its merits are made known. I believe we need a big promotion and advertising campaign to get the paper into the hands of the people.

"My faith in *The Republic* is best exemplified by the fact that I left an excellent position on *The Post-Dispatch*, with day-work, to come to *The Republic* at approximately the same salary to work twenty-four hours a day. I want to see *The Republic* go over and go over big. It is my first love and I want to be with it when The Day arrives."

Through spring, summer and fall months the circulation of *The Republic* failed to show the circulation gains hoped for. There were unmistakable evidences of slipping, especially in the carrier service. At the request of Mr. Francis a survey was made. Stop orders received by carriers between January 1st and September 30, 1919, were analyzed. The names, the occupations and reasons in these discontinuances were taken and a compilation was made. It showed that the large majority of the losses came in two classes, wage earners and subscriptions expiring on premium contracts.

"The paper was losing money at such a rate it would have broken me if I had kept on advancing money," said Mr. Francis. I was compelled to sell to *The Globe-Democrat*.

The last issue of *The Republic*, which was born in 1808 as *The Louisiana Gazette*, appeared on the morning of December 4th, 1919.

COAL IN MISSOURI

BY SAM T. BRATTON

The existence of coal in Missouri has been known since the early exploration and travels of such men as Pike, Lewis and Clark, Bradbury, Brackenridge, Long and others. These travelers noticed coal outcrops at various places along the Missouri, Osage, Grand and other smaller streams. Pike's record (July 16, 1806) mentions the "coal hill" near the present Charbonnier point on the Missouri river not far from St. Charles.¹ Bradbury (1809-11) saw a "bed of very great but unknown thickness" along the Osage.² (Probably one of the pockets of cannel coal). Brackenridge located a "coal bank" at a distance of 321 miles up the Missouri from St. Louis³.

The first record of the use of coal in Missouri (about 1809) is reported by Bradbury.⁴ It was used by blacksmiths in the region about four miles west of St. Louis and was obtained from a vein which was found at the edge of a creek.

The first record of coal mining in the central part of the state is given by Long. "Extensive and very accessible beds of coal have been opened up near Thrall's plantation."⁵ (Thrall's settlement was about four miles north of Rocheport in Boone county). But the record mentions neither amount mined nor use made. Long⁶ gives an account, also, of coal beds in the district near the mouth of the Grand river which "lie horizontally, varying much in thickness, and occurring often at an elevation of a few feet above the surface of the water in the Missouri."

¹Pike, Zebulon M., *Expeditions*, Vol. II, p. 360.

²Thwaites: *Early Western Travels*, Vol. 5, p. 243.

³Brackenridge, H. M., *Trip Up the Missouri*, 1811.

⁴*Op. cit.*, p. 247.

⁵Long, S. H., *Expeditions: St. Louis to Council Bluffs, 1819-20*. Thwaites: *Early Western Travels*, Vol. 15, p. 178.

⁶*Idem*, Vol. 14, p. 161.

Timothy Flint⁷ mentions "fossil coal" in great abundance along the Missouri, and especially, near St. Charles and St. Louis, but gives no data concerning mining nor use.

Until about 1850 most of the interest in Missouri coal deposits was centered in the Cote sans Dessein region. This deposit was known to be thick. The Callaway Mining and Manufacturing Company operated a shaft at Cote sans Dessein which passed through 75½ feet of pure cannel coal.⁸ This coal was thought to be continuous over a considerable area in the central part of the state, as it "has been found at several distant and distinct points in Cole and Callaway Counties, and as high as 40 miles up the Osage river."⁹

In September, 1850, coal was discovered on Cavanaugh's Creek, on the Fulton road about two miles east of Columbia. This is claimed to be the first discovery of this particular kind of coal in Boone county, "although it abounds in great quantities in Cole, Callaway, and Moniteau Counties."¹⁰

During the era of railway agitation in Missouri, 1835-1850, many coal fields were discovered by the preliminary surveys. In some localities these surveys reported coal was being used by blacksmiths. The report by King¹¹ mentions this use of coal in the western part of the state in the region of Bates and Cass counties. The same report describes the occurrence of coal in "innumerable places on Grand River, Marmataw, Marias de Cygnes, Little Osage, and their tributaries."¹²

Thomas S. O'Sullivan in his report concerning possibilities of freight along the proposed line of the Southwest Branch (now the St. Louis and San Francisco railway) estimated that 10,000 tons of coal for furnace use and 20,000 tons for St. Louis might reasonably be expected each year from the coal fields along the route of the Southwest Branch.¹³

⁷*History and Geog. of Miss. Valley*. Cincinnati, 1832.

⁸*Western Journal and Citizen*, Vol. 6, July 1851. St. Louis.

⁹*Idem*, Vol. I, July, 1848. St. Louis.

¹⁰*Western Journal and Citizen*, Vol. 4, Sept., 1850, p. 413.

¹¹King, H. M., *Report Engineer's Pac. Ry.*, St. Louis, 1839, p. 521.

¹²*Idem*, p. 517.

¹³*Report: Engineer Pac. Ry.*, 1853, pp. 56 ff.

One of the most important coal fields of the state, the Bevier Field, was surveyed by James M. Bucklin, chief engineer of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway. His report describes "an immense lot of bituminous coal,—it extends a distance of seventy miles, varying in thickness from one to nine feet; the maximum of which occurs in the vicinity of Bloomington, Macon County."¹⁴

By 1850 considerable mining was being done in various parts of the state. The reports of the State geologists from this time on give accounts of discoveries of new coal fields; also, they mention the mining of coal in various sections. Dr. B. F. Shumard included with his report a map showing the location of some twenty mines in St. Louis county, most of which are between Cheltenham and St. Louis. Some of these mines employed as many as 150 men during the winter season.¹⁵

Professor Swallow's report on Cooper county contains a map showing the location of twenty-five coal mines in that county.¹⁶

Dr. Litton's report on Moniteau county¹⁷ lists seven mines, one of which had produced 20,000 bushels.

In Marion county old pits are noted by Swallow. "One was seen at Keller's, and at Hays and Muldrow's; the other at Mr. Pinkston's."¹⁸

Swallow's Third Report (1856) says, "Large quantities of coal were discovered in Putnam, Schuyler, Adair, Howard, and Clark counties, and some considerable in Saline and Lewis."

From 1855-1871 more of the area of the state was investigated by the state geological survey and other coal fields and "workings" were found. In a report on Macon county¹⁹ some twenty mines and banks are listed with such remarks

¹⁴Bucklin, James M., *Preliminary Report*. Hannibal & St. Joseph Ry: (*Western Journal and Citizen*, X, p. 272, July, 1853).

¹⁵Swallow, G. C., *Report*, 1854, Part II, p. 179 ff.

¹⁶Swallow, G. C., *2nd Report*, 1854, Part I, p. 153.

¹⁷*Idem*, Part II, pp. 112-115.

¹⁸*Idem*, p. 180.

¹⁹Broadhead, G. C., *Report*, 1855-71, p. 84 ff.

as: "has been worked," "now being mined," "filled up," etc. Similarly for Randolph county, some forty-five mines are described with remarks as: "little mining has been done in any of them;" "only enough coal taken out at different times to supply the immediate necessities of the neighboring people."

Hager's report in 1870 contains information of the first mining in Moniteau county.²⁰ "Simpson's mine in Moniteau county has been worked thirteen years, producing about two thousand tons of coal per annum. The sales are confined to Moniteau and the adjoining counties."

"Fieller's mine on the bank of the Missouri river, three miles west of Boonville—has been opened about five years—"It is mostly sold to be used in steamers on the Missouri river." "The Tipton mine was opened in March, 1870." "The valuable mine of J. L. Stephens between Boonville and Tipton—has produced about 120,000 bushels since January 1, 1869." And from the same report:²¹ "The Ray County Coal and Mining Company have a mine, opened on the 28th of August last which has produced about 10,000 bushels."

A statement from "C. E. Godfrey and Associates, Miners and Dealers in Coal, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 1, 1870," shows the coal received by this company at St. Louis for the year November 1, 1869 to October 31, 1870.

Central Coal and Mining Co., H. & St.

Joe R. R.	1,896,554 bu.
North Mo. Coal and Mining Co., North	
Mo. R. R.	901,601 bu.
Pacific Coal and Mining Co., Mo. Pac.	
R. R.	547,672 bu.
	<hr/>
	3,345,827 bu.

In Macon county the first discovery of coal was made east of Macon by Hopkin Evans, just about the time the

²⁰Hager, A. D.: *Report, 1870*, p. 30.

²¹Hager, A. D.: *Report, 1870*, p. 31.

Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad began operating its trains²² (1859).

Soon afterwards many mines were opened up in the Macon district and coal was sold to the railroad which up to this time had been burning wood.

In Adair county the first coal was mined by J. W. Madden who worked a strip pit near Nineveh in 1854.²³

By the early seventies several counties in the northern and western parts of the state had been examined for coal by the State Geological Survey. The findings of the Survey are set forth in the Report for 1873-74. The report lists many coal mines and coal banks in each of the several counties. Some of these coal deposits had been worked, some were then in operation. The coal from most of such mines or banks was used locally.

Campbell's Gazetteer of Missouri (1874) gives an incomplete summary of early coal mining in various counties. In the majority of cases the mines mentioned furnished coal for local use only. A definite date for the beginning of coal mining is given for but one county—Cedar, 1858. In the other counties mentioned some mines had been worked for "some years," or for a "long time" or, "not now being worked."

In the western part of the state a very typical account of the use and development of coal is given as follows:²⁴

"Coal has been known to exist in Bates county from the earliest days of her pioneer period"—"in the early days there was but little call for coal as an article of fuel from the settlers, as the wood—furnished an ever ready and ever sufficient supply for the open fireplaces then in vogue." "But the blacksmith—went out to the hillside to where the vein cropped out of the ground and easily secured as much coal as he needed for his forge." "Later on as the settlers began to go out on the prairies—they turned to the coal that in many localities could be secured—by scooping off a light

²²*Hist. Macon Co.*, p. 100.

²³Violette, E. M., *Hist. Adair Co.*, Kirksville, 1911.

²⁴Bates County: *Old Settlers History*, pp. 54 ff.

covering of soil and rock. Later the coal stove began to make its appearance and the use of coal as a fuel became more and more general.

"The real development of the coal industry dates back to 1880."

"Following the advent of the Ry. in 1880—some of the mines were worked 'on an extensive scale'." "The supply for the local demand was in a great measure left to the small operators, who usually worked the strip pits." "Before the advent of the Railway a considerable industry had sprung up in the mining and hauling of coal to meet the local demands." "Many men and teams found employment in stripping the soil off the shallow coal beds, and hauling the product to the consumers." "Through all the winter season during the seventies, the road from the coal fields south of the river to Butler would be lined with teams hauling the heavily loaded wagons."

Coal mining in Missouri on a commercial basis began about 1840.²⁵ During that year the mines in Missouri produced, for commercial purposes, 9,971 tons. By 1850 the production had reached 100,000 tons per year. Within the next twenty-five years production amounted to 1,000,000 tons per year. In 1900 the production was 3,540,103 tons. Since 1900 the production has grown steadily and in 1919 amounted to 5,500,000 tons.

During a recent year, Missouri industries consumed a little more than eleven million tons of coal. About five million of the eleven were produced in Missouri. The other seven million tons were shipped into Missouri from adjoining states, and some from the Appalachian field.²⁶

Missouri has plenty of coal to supply all of her needs without buying from her neighbors. Estimates place the original coal resources of the state at about eighty billion tons, of which only about two-tenths of one per cent has been mined. The coal measures in the state underlie some 25,000

²⁵First production recorded. *U. S. Census, 1840.*

²⁶The largest item was Penn. anthracite, 371,300 tons.

square miles of area in the northern and western counties. The coal in this area is bituminous. In addition, several counties along the northern side of the Ozark Highlands contain many pockets of cannel coal from which considerable tonnage has been produced.

THE NORTHEAST MISSOURI STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AND ITS FOUNDER, JOSEPH BALDWIN*

BY LUCY SIMMONS AND P. O. SELBY.

THE COLLEGE

The Northeast Missouri State Teachers College, formerly known as the First District Normal School, was founded by Joseph Baldwin and opened on September 2, 1867, as a private Normal School.¹ It is, therefore, the oldest of the state teachers colleges in Missouri and at the time it was instituted the normal school idea was comparatively new in the Middle West. On March 19, 1870, the General Assembly of Missouri passed an act creating two normal school districts, one north and one south of the Missouri river.² The people of Adair county and of Kirksville succeeded in securing the school for the North Missouri location and the private normal school of Joseph Baldwin, which was known as the North Missouri Normal School and Commercial College, became the officially recognized state institution in North Missouri.³ The school was then opened as the First District Normal School on January 1, 1871, whose purpose was to train teachers to teach in our public schools.⁴

The following named men have served the institution as president from the time of its organization until the pres-

*On October 20, 1927, the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College at Kirksville celebrated its sixtieth anniversary and at the same time took note of the centenary of Joseph Baldwin, founder of the school. A statue of Baldwin was unveiled upon the campus. In recognition of these anniversaries, so important in Missouri's educational affairs, *The Missouri Historical Review* is publishing a short account of the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College and a biography of Joseph Baldwin. Miss Simmons compiled the account of the college and Prof. Selby the biography of Joseph Baldwin.

¹Catalog, *North Missouri Normal School*, 1868; Violette, *History of Normal School*, p. 29.

²*Ibid.*, p. 86.

³*Ibid.*, p. 237.

⁴*Bulletin School*, July, 1919, p. 7.

ent:⁵ 1867-1881, Joseph Baldwin; 1881-1882, W. P. Nason; 1882-1891, J. P. Blanton; 1891-1899, W. D. Dobson; 1899-1925, John R. Kirk; 1925-date, Eugene Fair.

During President Baldwin's administration the institution passed thru the distinct periods of "canvassing, advertising and promoting" with definite and determined programs of organization and achievement. During the administrations of Presidents Nason, Blanton and Dobson, 1881-1899, the school grounded itself securely on permanent educational foundations, but it necessarily experienced "recurring seasons of conservatism, compromise and impoverishment," which were largely traceable to the lack of legislative support.⁶

The larger expansion and progress of the school began in 1899 with the administration of President John R. Kirk. President Kirk was confronted with many problems of readjustment and realignments which were ushered in by the twentieth century. It was necessary also to bring professional education to a more scholarly standing and to care for the increasing numbers of students who were coming to the normal school.⁷

President Kirk felt that the attitude of normal school men had been too apologetic and submissive and he opposed actively the attempt that was made to devitalize the instruction given in the normal schools. He pleaded with normal school men everywhere to abandon their defensive tactics and vigorously to assume the aggressive. Mr. Kirk continued to teach this positive doctrine of the normal schools for many years and under his leadership the school made a remarkable growth, showing evidence of greater advancement in professional ideals and practices.⁸

During the period of the World war and following the participation of the United States in that war many changes came to this institution. Standards in curricula were raised

⁵*Index*, February 12, 1915; *Minutes, Board of Regents*, February 27, 1925.

⁶Kirk, *Monograph*, p. 1.

⁷*Sixty-eighth Report of Missouri Public Schools*, 1917, p. 185.

⁸*Journal and Proceedings*, N. E. A., 1907, V. 45, p. 743; *Addresses and Proceedings*, N. E. A., 1908, V. 46, p. 466.

and the institution was recognized as having passed in its development from a loosely organized normal school into a highly organized Teachers College.⁹ An act was passed accordingly by the General Assembly on May 20, 1919, in which all of the normal schools within the state were legally changed from normal schools to teachers colleges. The renaming of this school occurred on July 11, 1919, when the institution was formally and publicly christened the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College.¹⁰

The following named buildings have been erected upon the campus from time to time:¹¹ Baldwin Hall, 1873; Library Building, 1901; Science Hall, 1906; John R. Kirk Building, 1923; Ophelia Parrish (Demonstration) Building, 1923.

In 1918 Science Hall was badly damaged by fire and in 1924 Baldwin Hall and the Library Building were totally destroyed by a very disastrous fire. Baldwin Hall as yet has not been replaced but the old Library Building has been re-established by the Pickler Memorial Library Building, which was completed in the spring of 1925.¹²

The institution has celebrated a number of interesting anniversaries, among them being:¹³

Baldwin Day on June 13, 1893, when Joseph Baldwin revisited the school and met old associates and students.

Fortieth Anniversary held on October 18, 1907, in honor of Joseph Baldwin.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the school celebrated on August 2 and 3, 1917.

John R. Kirk Day, November 1, 1923, at which time the Kirk Auditorium was dedicated and Dr. Kirk honored in view of his long services to the Institution.

Sixtieth Anniversary of the School and the One Hundredth Anniversary of Joseph Baldwin, October 20, 1927, at which

⁹Bulletin, School, July, 1919, p. 7.

¹⁰Index, May 21, 1919.

¹¹Biennial Report, 1907, p. 6; Official Manual, 1907-08, p. 240; Biennial Report, April 18, 1923.

¹²Kirkville Express, September 19, 1923; January 30, 1924.

¹³Violette, Op. Cit., p. 158; Bulletin, School, 1908, pp. 10-11; Index, July, 1919.

time a large bronze statue of Joseph Baldwin was unveiled upon the campus.¹⁴

In February of 1925, Dr. Eugene Fair, an alumnus of the institution, was made president of the college and on May 21, 1926, he was officially inducted into office.¹⁵ He immediately proceeded to inaugurate a new system of organization for the entire college and among other measures he has succeeded in enlarging the demonstration school as the laboratories of the college which form an educational pivot around which all of the college activities are centered. He has succeeded further in reorganizing and establishing student government.¹⁶

The campus also has been expanded by purchase and by project, and War memorials are being erected in honor of our men who made the supreme sacrifice in the World war.¹⁷

This institution has a long and worthy record. It has stood for high idealism and worthy principles. There is no adequate measuring rod by which we can estimate its services to the cause of education and for the betterment of mankind.

JOSEPH BALDWIN

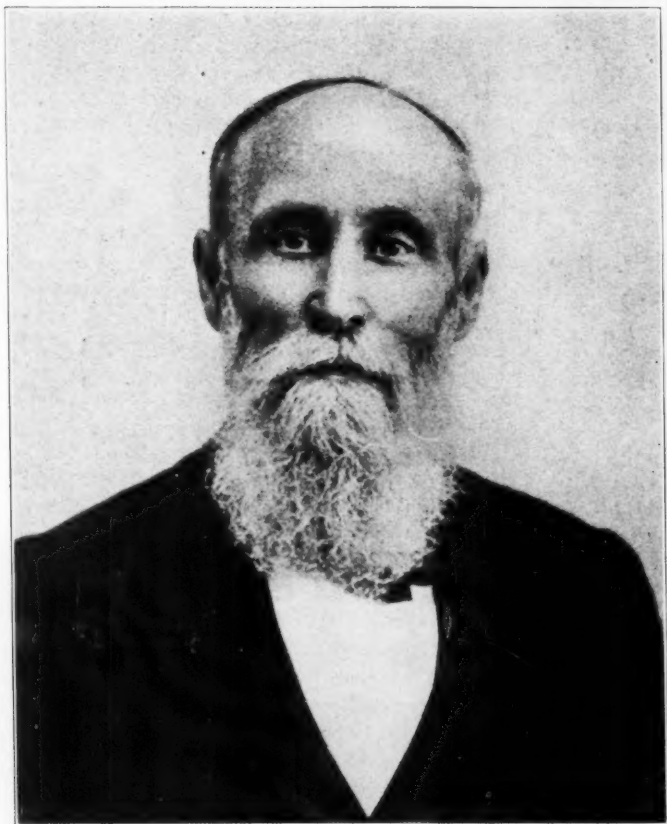
Joseph Baldwin was born October 31, 1827, on a farm four miles from New Castle, Pennsylvania. His father, who had also been named Joseph Baldwin, was born in Loudoun county, Virginia, on January 4, 1778. The father was of Quaker descent, tradition saying that the founder of the Baldwin family in this country came with William Penn to Pennsylvania. The first Joseph Baldwin emigrated from England in 1620. The mother, Isabell Henry Cairns, was born in Westmoreland county, southwestern Pennsylvania, December 24, 1794. She was the daughter of William Cairns, who emigrated from North Ireland in 1789. Cairns was a

¹⁴*Index*, April 20, 1927; October 21, 1927.

¹⁵*Index*, June 2, 1926.

¹⁶*Minutes, Board of Regents*, December 14, 1926.

¹⁷*Index*, April 13, 1927.



JOSEPH BALDWIN

(From a photograph taken about 1880. Reproduced from *Violette's History of the First District State Normal School.*)

Presbyterian, while the grandfather Baldwin was a Quaker. However, the Baldwins joined the religious movement inaugurated by Alexander Campbell, and Isabell Cairns Baldwin was the first woman baptized in that faith west of the Allegheny mountains. Her husband, the father of Joseph Baldwin, left the Quaker church to become a "Disciple" or "Campbellite" and was an elder in the Christian church at New Castle for many years.

Joseph's father owned a farm near New Castle, and young Joseph being one of seven children, had to work hard. He was a precocious lad and by the age of twelve he had read the twelve volumes of Rollo's History of England. It is told of him that while plowing in his father's field he always had a book open awaiting his arrival at the end of a furrow. Whenever he reached this point he read a paragraph and meditated on that until he came around again. In this way he cultivated a wonderful memory—one wonders if he cultivated the field so well. As a youth he determined upon an education for himself and resolved to make the world better for his having lived in it.

Joseph's father was not able to send him to college, but his sister, Isabella (Mrs. Grigsby), lent him the money to put him through college; he paid back the whole of this loan the first year after graduating. He attended the district school near his home, then entered Bartlett Academy in New Castle. In 1848 he graduated from the academy and entered Bethany College, which had been established at Bethany, a small village in West Virginia, in 1841, by Alexander Campbell. This famous churchman was still its president in 1848 and Baldwin was privileged to live in his home as one of the family. This was a worth-while privilege; Baldwin often spoke of the Reverend Mr. Campbell as one of the most polished gentlemen he had ever met, a man of fine educational attainments, and a Christian both as to precept and example. He was graduated from this college in 1852, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts at the commencement on July fourth. In 1891 the college honored him by conferring upon him the LL. D. degree. Mr. Baldwin was living in Texas at that time

but he was very proud to journey back to Bethany to receive this honor.

On August 26, 1852, Baldwin married Ella Sophronia Fluhart at Wauseon, Ohio. To them were born nine children—three sons and six daughters, of whom one son and five daughters are still living. They are Dr. Joseph Rolla Baldwin, a teacher in Canyon City, Oregon; Mrs. Anna Baldwin Sublette, who lives at 1929 Third Avenue South, Minneapolis; Mrs. Cora Baldwin Haston, 210 East 31st Street, Los Angeles; Dr. Olivia A Baldwin, 246 Cedar Street, San Diego; Dr. Norma Mabel Kinney, Austin, Texas; and Dr. Zoe Baldwin Sublette. Mr. Baldwin's wife was of great influence in his life; she turned him from preaching to teaching. She lived to the age of 96 years and was buried in 1924 beside her husband in Austin, Texas.

Education at Bethany College, as in many early colleges, was for the ministry. Dr. Baldwin, however, never held a pastorate, although he often filled the pulpit where there was a temporary vacancy. He belonged to the Christian church and held the office of elder for many years and up to the time of his death. He taught a Sunday School class for a great many years.

With his bride, Baldwin came to Missouri, and in the fall he opened the Platte City (Mo.) Academy, which they continued for two years. In 1854 he was elected principal of the Savannah, Missouri, Normal Institute, over which he presided for two years. This institution, which seems to have been a young ladies' boarding school, was his first endeavor in what proved to be his life work—the training of teachers.

In 1856 he helped to organize the Missouri State Teachers' Association at a meeting in St. Louis. He was elected vice-president. This meeting was attended by Horace Mann, the founder in America of professional training for teachers. In this first session, resolutions were passed in favor of a state normal school system and organized efforts to secure it were begun.

After spending four years in Missouri, Mr. Baldwin returned to Pennsylvania and spent one year there. Part of

this time was in attendance at the Millersville Normal School, which was then under Dr. Wickersham. Later in the year he conducted the Lawrence County Normal School at New Castle. From Pennsylvania he went to Indiana, where within the next ten years he conducted several private normal schools; one at Kokomo, from 1859 to 1863, and one at Logansport from 1864 to 1867. The school at Burnettsville was named the Indiana Normal School; he moved the name with him to Kokomo. At Logansport, Mr. Baldwin was superintendent of city schools as well as principal of the Cass County Normal School.

Between his service at Kokomo and his years at Logansport, Mr. Baldwin served in the Union army. The records of the adjutant general's office at Washington show that he was enrolled June 24, 1863, at Wabash, Indiana, for six months; that he was mustered into service July 24, 1863, as first lieutenant of Company E, 118th Indiana Infantry Volunteers; that he was promoted captain September 2, 1863, and that he was mustered out as captain and honorably discharged March 4, 1864, the date of the muster out of his company. Of his service and his experiences as a book salesman, his daughter, Anna, writes interestingly:

"There seems to be some difficulty in getting a correct account of the last years my father spent in Indiana. I know that he served some time in the Civil war. I can remember my mother taking me and my two little sisters to Indianapolis to see my father there while he was in training. I think he served three months as a private soldier; then he was commissioned. His company was composed of his own students from the Kokomo Normal School. I have his picture taken in his captain's uniform.

"My mother took her little ones and went home to her father's farm in Ohio while my father served in the Union army. While in the war, my father had a severe attack of pneumonia which left his lungs in bad shape. His physician told him that he should not go back in the school room for two years. I do not know whether he did stay out that long or not, but I do know that for some length of time he traveled for

the firm of Pason, Dutton, and Scribner of Chicago, selling school supplies.

"Whatever he worked at, he worked with all his might. He would come back from one of his trips and tell us the interesting things that happened. One especially made a deep impression on me:

"He and two other young men who represented rival concerns, arrived in a little Indiana town where they had to change cars to reach their objective point. Too late in the afternoon to get a train to this town, they said it was no use to worry as no train went out until eleven o'clock next morning, so they might as well have a good time. The town was only eighteen miles away, but it was in the spring of the year and the roads were impassable for vehicles of any kind. My father did not say anything, but saw the proprietor of the hotel where they were stopping and arranged for a six o'clock breakfast. He went to bed about 8:30 p. m. and was up bright and early the next morning and had his breakfast, then walked the distance to the next town. When the train came in with his former companions, he met them with: 'You are too late, gentlemen. I have seen the school board and they have adopted my whole system of school supplies.' They asked him how he got there. He said: 'I walked.' Then they told him that he deserved to win. It shows that he counted no effort too hard to win his cause."

While Dr. Baldwin was in Kokomo he edited an educational journal, lectured in the country and preached occasionally.

In 1866 Major J. B. Merwin, who was at that time editor of the *American Journal of Education* in St. Louis, chanced to be making a round of addresses before teachers' institutes in Indiana, and while thus engaged he became acquainted with Mr. Baldwin, who was making a similar group of lectures. Being impressed with Baldwin's zeal and ability, Major Merwin began to urge Baldwin to come to Missouri and kept up his solicitations for some time. Finally Mr. Baldwin was induced to come and look over the possibilities.

In February, 1867, he went to St. Louis to see Merwin and to proceed from there to inspect one or two points for a possible school location. Baldwin had St. Joseph in mind as the best location, but Mr. Merwin insisted that Kirksville, even though it was only a village, would be better. It so happened that Baldwin had lost his traveling money and wanted \$50 that he might proceed on his journey. Major Merwin offered to lend him the money, as he himself has told it, if Baldwin would go out to Kirksville at once and look over the situation there carefully, and added that, if he did not like the place he need not refund the borrowed money.

J. J. Grigsby, a relative of Baldwin's, was also influential in getting him to Kirksville. He had come to Kirksville in 1860 and very shortly thereafter had started inviting Baldwin to locate in Kirksville. It was through Grigsby that Mr. Baldwin learned of the possibility of securing the Cumberland Academy building.

The Kirksville Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian church had established Cumberland Academy in 1859. It was opened on March 22, 1860, and continued for a short term and a long term. The year 1861 was one of such turmoil that the academy did not continue past the spring of that year. The trustees of the building, which was not finished, thereafter found that they had a building and nothing to do with it. In 1865 it was sold to a stock company who hoped that the Christian church would buy it. This church however, would not, and the officers of the stock company sought to dispose of it for school purposes.

Baldwin arrived in Kirksville on February 13, 1867, and that evening conferred with a group of citizens, telling them what he wanted to do. He liked the town and entered into negotiations with the stock company for the use of the Cumberland Academy building. In order that the building might be made suitable for school purposes, he agreed to complete the building and make some changes. The Academy consisted principally of a large auditorium. This he divided into three or four large classrooms. On a floor above them he finished as many more. A one-story structure in the rear

added three more rooms. Other changes were made on the campus, which is now the yard surrounding the residence of President Fair, and the property was almost as much Baldwin's as it was the company's. Baldwin's contract called for a ten-year lease at the rate of one hundred dollars a year.

School was opened on September 2, 1867, with a faculty of six. Associated with Baldwin were Professor and Mrs. Frank L. Ferris, who came from Indiana; William P. Nason, who had been teaching a private school in Kirksville, who was later to be the acting president of the school in 1881-82; James M. Greenwood, of Kirksville, who left Kirksville in 1874 to become superintendent of schools in Kansas City; and Mrs. Greenwood. The men of this group—Baldwin, Ferris, Nason and Greenwood—spent the summer of 1867 in advertising and seeking students. The visit of Baldwin and Nason to Knox county is an incident in Libbie Miller Travers' recently published "Sectarian Shackles."

Baldwin's history for the next fourteen years is very much the history of the First District Normal School. He immediately joined in the agitation for the state normal school system, his proposal being that the state should lend support to six schools. His activity was in stirring up sentiment among the schools of the state. He made no effort to bring about such a system through political influence; he never took a part in politics.

The state, through its General Assembly, created a normal school system by act approved March 19, 1870. A board of regents was appointed for the two normal schools to be established—three ex officio members and two to represent each of the schools. Professor Baldwin was named as one member of this board. He held this position, however, for only one month. The board adopted his school which he had named the North Missouri Normal School. It became the First District Normal School on January 1, 1871. He as president, his faculty, the student body, and the curriculum were taken over as the state institution.

From 1867 to 1871, then, the North Missouri Normal School belonged to Joseph Baldwin, who was styled its prin-

cial rather than president. All receipts from tuition were his; all expenses, improvements, salaries, and the rent were met from these collections. The difference was Baldwin's salary or pay for his enterprise. That salary during the year 1867-68 was a deficit of \$326. During the second year there was a profit of more than a thousand dollars and each year thereafter the institution at least showed no deficit. In 1871 Baldwin's salary was fixed by the board of regents at \$2,000. It did not exceed \$2,500 as long as he stayed at Kirksville.

Baldwin's home at Kirksville was a plain one. Soon after coming to Kirksville he bought a two-story frame house, just opposite the old Normal School Building. It stood upon the southeast corner of Mulanix and Hickory streets, and was torn down not so many years ago. It was the only house that Baldwin occupied during his fourteen years in Kirksville.

Baldwin remained at Kirksville until 1881. His life with the institution was one of steady progress. As we look back on it now after more than fifty years it was a term without any great upheavals. A larger campus was secured; a large building was erected through county bonds and state appropriations. This original building, named Baldwin Hall in 1901, remained as the principal building until the fire of January, 1924. During Baldwin's fourteen years in Kirksville he saw many changes in his faculty; he saw a growth in the number of students coming to Kirksville. S. M. Pickler was a member of the first student group; he later taught in the school; still later went out into business, made a fortune, and has recently contributed \$30,000 for the Pickler Memorial Library. John J. Pershing entered as a country lad, and left with an ambition to enter West Point, which he did to the great satisfaction of a hundred million Americans. Hundreds of others came and left to occupy humble but worthy positions in the schools of Missouri. John R. Kirk came to be a student under Baldwin; as his amanuensis he learned Baldwin; in later years he followed in Baldwin's footsteps, and carried on the Baldwin tradition.

Baldwin was no politician—I have this upon the word of many. He did not understand petty things, and for this reason he had many opponents. There were among his associates men and women who would quarrel with him. He grew tired of bickerings and the smallnesses of small minds in the small town that Kirksville then was. In 1881 an opportunity came to move to greener pastures, coupled with an increase in salary. This offer to go to Texas could not be resisted.

Texas started its normal school system in 1879 by the founding of the Sam Houston Normal Institute at Huntsville, a small county-seat town of 73 miles north of Houston. In its first two years the Institute had gotten off to a poor start. So, the Texas Board of Education looking for a strong man, elected Baldwin to the presidency. There he went in the fall of 1881, leaving Kirksville without a successor elected. At Huntsville he stayed for ten years—ten years made up of happy days. The school there grew, for he found it with 200 students, while ten years later the attendance had doubled.

In 1891 Baldwin was asked to come to the University of Texas to occupy the chair of pedagogy, a newly created position. The chair of pedagogy developed into a department and later the department became the school of education, so that in that institution he was a pioneer as he had been elsewhere. He stayed there and taught until 1897. In that year, he was made professor emeritus of pedagogy. He continued to live in Austin, where he died on January 13, 1899. He is buried in Austin.

Baldwin appeared before the public frequently. He was a much desired speaker. He conducted or addressed 100 teachers' institutes during his ten years in Indiana. He attended the meetings of the National Educational Association for twenty-five years and spoke often. In 1895, at Denver, upon five minutes' notice, he substituted on the general program of the N. E. A., giving an address which was characterized as a masterpiece. For several years he was a member of the executive council of the N. E. A.

He was a frequent contributor to educational journals. For a time he published one while he was in Indiana; while at Kirksville he was associate editor of the *American School Journal*.

He was the author of four books—all published by D. Appleton & Company. The first one, "The Art of School Management" written in 1880, was published in the year 1881. His second book, "Elementary Psychology and Education" was published in 1887. His third book, entitled "Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching," was published in 1892. His fourth and last book was published in 1897 under the title "School Management and School Methods." This book was reprinted as recently as 1916 and still has some sale, so the publishers state. The first of these four books was written while Dr. Baldwin was at Kirksville and is dated, "State Normal School, Kirksville, Missouri, July, 1880." The second one describes the author as president of the "Sam Houston Normal School." The third and fourth books were written at the University of Texas. The second, third and fourth of these books are part of "The International Education Series," of which W. T. Harris was editor.

The library at Kirksville is very happy in possessing copies of all four books. These books were used extensively in this country and were officially adopted by the government of Canada for use in the schools of that country. His "School Management" was translated into Spanish for use in Latin America. An education class which examined his books during the summer of 1927 found that many of his teachings were things which had been lately advocated as "new." His plea for a "professionally trained teacher with sound scholarship and an inborn knowledge of the child-mind" is the doctrine of the Kirksville State Teachers College of today and is the great heritage which he has left the institution.

Honors have come to Dr. Baldwin late, as is customary. Dean W. S. Sutton of the University of Texas has recently written the story of his life for the *Cyclopedia of American Biography*. The Sam Houston State Teachers College has a

memorial window with the illuminated figure of its great president. New Castle, Pennsylvania, is considering the naming of one of its new buildings the Joseph Baldwin Junior High School. Professor E. M. Violette,* in writing his History of the First District Normal School in 1905, dedicated it to Baldwin "founder of the school for the establishment of which he sacrificed so much." For some years the graduating classes at Kirksville have worn the Baldwin Tower on their class rings, even though the tower has been gone since 1924. Now the Teachers College, through the gifts of its friends, is erecting the Statue of Joseph Baldwin on the campus, that students of the future may never lose sight of

Joseph Baldwin, Pioneer
of

The Missouri State Teachers' Association
The Normal School System of Missouri

The Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville, Texas.

The Department of Education, University of Texas.

The Northeast Missouri State Teachers College, Kirksville.

*I am indebted greatly to Prof. Violette for the facts obtained from his history which have been largely used. Mrs. Anna Baldwin Sublette has also contributed much. Data have also been supplied by the Adjutant General's Office, U. S. A., an unknown writer in *The School Journal*, the president of Bethany College, and President-emeritus Kirk.

SALT RIVER

BY GEORGE A. MAHAN

The people love their rivers. Salt river is the largest stream in Northeast Missouri flowing into the Mississippi river north of the Missouri river. It has three main branches, called on the maps, North Fork, Middle Fork and South Fork.

The North Fork begins at Kirksville in Adair county, in the hills where the historical battle of Kirksville was fought during the Civil War by Col. John McNeil of the Federal Troops and Col. Joe Porter of the Confederate. The stream then runs southeasterly through the southern part of Adair county, across the county of Macon at the corner, through Shelby county between Shelbina and Shelbyville, into Monroe county, where near the village of Florida, the birthplace of Mark Twain, it makes a junction with the Middle Fork.

The Middle Fork starts in the northeast corner of Macon county, runs southwardly through that county, entering Monroe county at the northwest corner, running by Paris through that county to the junction with the North Fork near Florida.

The South Fork begins in the southwest corner of Audrain county, runs east and then north near Mexico through that county, enters Monroe county near the southeast corner and runs into the Middle Fork, just before that fork reaches its junction with the North Fork.

These forks produce a fairly good-sized river and from their junction near Florida the river runs through Ralls county near New London, within eight miles of Hannibal, and is pushed southeast into Pike county where it empties into the Mississippi river about two miles above the city of Louisiana. The watershed of Salt river is very extensive and contains one of the finest and most productive bodies of land in Missouri.

It was called by the tribes of the Sacs and Fox Indians, "Ohaha," as designated by Judge Rueben F. Roy, formerly

a commissioner of the Supreme Court, on a map made by him of Ralls county, but by Zenon Trudeau, lieutenant governor and commander in chief at St. Louis, in 1795, as "Auhaha." The river took on its modern name because salt was manufactured on its banks in an early day and shipped by flatboat into the Mississippi river and then down to St. Louis. Thus long before Missouri became a state it was serving a good purpose by furnishing the people of that city with a large portion of the salt used.

As early as March, 1792, one Maturin Bouvet made his way up the Mississippi river to the mouth of Auhaha, or Salt river, turned up that stream to a point near where Cincinnati, in Ralls county, now stands, and found a short distance to the north of the river a salt spring, very strongly impregnated with salt. Bouvet had probably heard of this spring through the Indians, and he tested the water and found that salt could be easily and largely made from the waters of the spring. He began the manufacture of salt and shipped the same to St. Louis, but Indians gave him much trouble and finally destroyed his salt works. Bouvet was not easily discouraged and rebuilt them. He was an enterprising Frenchman and knew quite as well then as business interests know now, how to get a subsidy of land, in order to encourage his "infant industry."

He accordingly petitioned the lieutenant governor, Trudeau, at St. Louis for land including the spring twenty arpens square, and promptly received the same on account of his public benefaction in making salt. His works were again destroyed by the Indians and he established a warehouse just at the mouth of the Bay de Charles on the Mississippi river, a mile north of Hannibal, transporting the salt from the springs to the warehouse on muleback. Again he thought that his efforts in making salt and shipping the same to St. Louis entitled him to an additional grant of land, and again he petitioned the lieutenant governor at St. Louis to grant him "the concession for 84 arpens in length, to be taken 6 arpens below the outlet of the said Bay de Charles, ascending 84 arpens along the said Bay and from the hills to the margin of the said Bay, in order that he may build thereon suitable

buildings for the storage of his salt, and improve a plantation."

This petition was speedily granted. Much of this land has since been sold for \$150.00 an acre, but Bouvet received slight benefit, as his warehouse and other buildings were again destroyed by the Indians in 1797. In the fight Bouvet was killed and was buried on one of the high and bold promontories overlooking the Mississippi river above Hannibal.

Many things of importance happened along the banks of Salt river. It has always been historic. During the Civil war, General Grant, as a colonel of an Illinois regiment, first entered hostile territory at West Quincy in Marion county. He marched westwardly through that county and guarded a railroad bridge across North Fork of Salt river near the town of Hunnewell in Shelby county, erecting a blockhouse. From this point he advanced to Florida, expecting to attack General Harris, who commanded the Confederate forces and was camped in the valley of the Middle Fork of Salt river. The then Col. Grant crossed the North Fork, and says in his autobiography:

"As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris Camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view, I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there and the marks of a recent encampment was plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event to the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had

as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable."

On the battlefield General Grant was regarded as one of the coolest and bravest men who ever commanded an army, but few knew that his fearlessness was acquired at Florida, Missouri, on the banks of Salt river.

Tradition has connected Salt river with the politics and politicians of Missouri and the world, on account of the well-known saying, "He's gone up Salt River," being applied to defeated candidates for office. It came about in this way:

In the 1840s a man lived in the then town of Louisiana by the name of Jackson, who had very little of this world's goods, but a deep desire to serve his neighbors and friends in some political office or other. So he ran for an office in Louisiana. He made a strenuous campaign and had the promise of support from many friends, but that support didn't pan out well enough to get him elected.

Defeat was distasteful to the ambitious Jackson. Besides, he thought some of his friends had double-crossed him when they went to the polls, so, to get away from them, he packed up his household effects and moved to the mouth of Salt river, some two or three miles north.

After he left, some of the people wondered what had become of him and asked his friends, "Oh, Jackson? Why he's gone up to Salt River," they would reply.

Now it happened that Jackson's thirst for public service was not quenched by his first failure, and in 1845 he enlisted the support of his old friends and new neighbors in a campaign for the Legislature. Again he was defeated and again he became angry at the failure of his neighbors to give him proper support. So he packed up his belongings and moved further up Salt river. Again the people asked "Where's Jackson?" and again his friends answered, "Oh, he's gone up Salt River."

But the resolute Jackson still wasn't convinced his services weren't needed in the Legislature, and in 1847 he ran again, with the same result. Once more he got mad at his neighbors and moved still further up the river.

By this time Jackson's habit of moving up Salt river appealed to the people's sense of humor and even the newspapers began to ridicule him. It became a standing joke all over Pike county. "Where's Jackson?" the jokers would say, "Oh, he's gone up Salt River," would be the answer. Indeed, the expression became so common that whenever anybody else was defeated for political office, the people would say that he "had gone up Salt River."

Now, in the year 1849 there was a mad rush to California in search of gold, and Pike county, Missouri, sent more people to the west coast than any other county in the United States. By the hundreds they deserted Louisiana, Bowling Green, and the rich farms of Pike county to journey miles across the continent in search of the precious metal. And they took with them the expression "he's gone up Salt River." It was as familiar as "Old Joe Bowers, all the way from Pike."

The gold settlements had their own elections, and naturally their defeated candidates, and so thick were the people from Pike county that the Salt river expression came into common use. When a candidate was defeated they would say he had "gone up Salt River," though few other than these from Pike county knew exactly what the term meant.

When the gold fever subsided, the miners returned to their homes all over the world. Many of them didn't take any gold back, but they did take the expression, "He's gone up Salt River."

That is why for many years defeated candidates for political office all over the United States and even in foreign countries were said to have "gone up Salt River."

THE MISSOURI RIVER REGION AS SEEN BY THE FIRST WHITE EXPLORERS

BY ADDISON E. SHELDON*

The French began their approach to Nebraska by way of the St. Lawrence river and the Great Lakes. In 1608, Quebec was founded. French fur traders and missionaries pushed west and explored the lakes. In 1670 Father Marquette, who was stationed at a mission not far from where Duluth now is, wrote his superior regarding the accounts brought him by the Illinois Indians of the great river Mississippi and adds this regarding the Missouri:

"Six or seven days below the Illinois is another river on which are some great nations who use wooden canoes. Of these we cannot speak until next year if God bestows the grace upon us to lead us there."

FATHER MARQUETTE DISCOVERS THE MISSOURI, 1673

On June 17th, 1673, Father Marquette with his companion Joliet discovered the Mississippi near where Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, now is and guided their canoe down its course. A few days later they reached the mouth of the Missouri which Father Marquette then described under the name of Pekitanoui, as it was then called:

"As we were gently sailing down the still, clear water, we heard a noise of a rapid into which we were about to fall. I have seen nothing more frightful, a mass of large trees entire with branches, real floating islands came from Pekitanoui, so impetuous that we could not without great danger expose ourselves to pass across. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy, and could not get clear. The Pekitanoui is a considerable river coming from the northwest and empties into the Mississippi. Many towns are located on this river

*Translated from French Archives by Addison E. Sheldon. Reprinted from the *Nebraska History Magazine*, Volume VIII, No. 1.

and I hope by it to make the discovery of the Vermillion or California sea."

LA SALLE DISCOVERS THE MISSOURI, 1682

In 1682 Robert La Salle, the great French explorer of the west, set out from the mouth of the Illinois river to explore the Mississippi. Nicholas La Salle, a member of the party, wrote in 1685, of the Missouri as seen on this trip.

"We camped near the mouth of a river which falls into the Mississippi. It is called the river of the Missouris. The river comes from the northwest and is thickly settled judging from what the savages say. The Panis (Pawnees) are on this river very far from its mouth."

HENRY TONTY'S ACCOUNT OF THE MISSOURI, 1682

Henry Tonty, another member of the party, wrote on this journey:

"We found a river coming from the west as large and important as the Great River (Mississippi). According to reports of the savages it is called Emissourites. It is abundantly peopled. There are also on this river villages of savages who make use of horses to go to war and to carry the meat of the buffalo which they kill."

HORSES HELD BY PAWNEE INDIANS ON THE MISSOURI, 1685

Robert La Salle at about the same period urged the use of the horses obtained from the Pawnee Indians to carry goods from the lakes to the Mississippi river.

In 1699 the mouth of the Mississippi river was discovered by the great French naval commander d'Iberville. New Orleans was founded a few years later and French trappers and fur traders began to push up the Missouri river. The documents which follow tell the story of French discoveries in the Nebraska country:

Translated from the French of Pierre Margry, Paris, 1888, Vol. VI, pp. 175-190, by Addison E. Sheldon.

FOURTEEN DIFFERENT NATIONS DWELL ON THE MISSOURI, 1702

Extracts from a historic letter in regard to the Mississippi, written at Paris the 6th of August, 1702, by M. de Remonville, interested in the Company of the Mississippi with M. Le Sueur.

August 6, 1702.

After its conflux with Missouri the Mississippi cannot properly be called any more the Mississippi. Indeed when the waters of this river (the Missouri) mingle with those of the Mississippi, which till then are fine and clear, they become troubled and muddy and continue thus to the sea.

"I conclude from this" says M. de Remonville, "as the Marne becomes the Seine at Charenton after the waters have disputed for a long time the supremacy, so has the Mississippi to yield to the Missouri, which is a considerable stream, upon whose banks are fourteen very numerous nations. In a few years only we shall know its extent, and which I shall find if I ever go there, an ample subject for you to entertain."

CANADIANS ON THE MISSOURI, 1704

Extract from a resume of a letter by Bienville to the minister:

September 6, 1704.

He wants Canadians who are on the Mississippi and on the Missouri to ascend in separate small parties of seven or eight to the number of one hundred and ten. These men are those established upon the Oubache (Wabash) under orders of Sieur Juchereau, who died last fall.

LAURAIN RE-ASCENDS THE MISSOURI, 1704

Extract from a historic Journal concerning the establishment of the French in Louisiana by the Chevalier de Beaurien:

On November the 16th two canoes with voyagers came to the Illinois. Among them was one Laurain by name. He had been on the Missouri river, and reported confusedly about its course, the nations dwelling on it, and the establishments of the Spaniards on the border of New Mexico.

NOTICE OF A VOYAGE ON THE MISSOURI, 1706

Extract from a letter by Sieur de Bienville to the minister:

In Louisiana, April 10, 1706.

Fifty men came from the Upper Mississippi with the desire of establishing themselves. Father Gravier, whose arm was pierced by five arrows shot by men of his mission, has also come to Mobile. Among the Canadians who have arrived are two, who went for two years on the Missouri from village to village. They report that they were near the mines of the Spaniards. They stopped at a village of savages to whom the Spaniards only come to trade for buffalo hides, of which they make harnesses for their mules and that the Spaniards are at war with three or four large nations, which obliges them to go with cuirasses and helmets as a protection against arrows. This they do in order that the savages may take them for spirits.

MISSOURI RIVER COUNTRY FINEST IN THE WORLD, 1706

These men assured Bienville that this country is the finest in the world, and that on that river live nations who have horses. There are three of the mines which are copper and a metal which is not known.

NOTE. The King in his instructions to Sieur de Muy, appointed governor of Louisiana (June 30, 1707), expressed the desire that he send samples from these mines.

CANADIANS HAVE ALREADY ASCENDED THE MISSOURI FOR
THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED LEAGUES WITHOUT DIS-
COVERING ITS COURSE, 1708

Extract from a letter by Nicholas La Salle:

October 16, 1708.

Having failed in my former letter to inform you of the knowledge of the Missouri river, it obliged me to give myself the honor to write to you again, in order to acquaint you with the fact, that it is very important to make discoveries there.

I know positively from slaves of the nations on this river, whom I have interrogated, that there are pieces of ore found which they call iron, of the same color and quality as piaster (dollars) of which they see we make a great thing, and that white people, like us, who are no others than Spaniards, come very frequently with mules to this country and whom they surmise, come for no other purpose than the mines. This river falls into the Mississippi about 500 leagues from the Gulf of Mexico. Canadian voyagers have ascended it about 300 to 400 leagues to the northeast, and west into the most beautiful country in the world, without finding its source. If His Majesty desires that explorations be made the expenses will not be so very great, forty thousand livres in merchandise, ammunition and provisions at the prices in France will be sufficient for the expenses. This will comprise the pay for one hundred selected men for the execution thereof who must travel in canoes and setting out from Fort of Louisiana the voyage will not take more than 12 or 15 months. It will be necessary to send a young engineer to make a map of this river, so as to have an exact idea of it and to select officers for this enterprise.

REPORT ABUNDANCE OF OXEN AND COWS, 1709

Extract from a memoir of Sieur Mandeville, instructing the company Vaulezard of Louisiana.

1709.

In ascending the Missouri River there is found an abundance of oxen and cows, beyond imagination. These beasts have hair and wool according to the season. This river is fine and grand. It is believed that great discoveries can be made there.

The Mississippi can be ascended to nearly its source, which is a thousand leagues from the sea. It is descended without much trouble.

BOUNDARIES OF THE COLONY OF LOUISIANA—THE MISSOURI
ASCENDED MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED LEAGUES, 1714

Extract from a memoir of Lemaire, missionary, dated January 15, 1714:

The country of Louisiana terminates on the north at a place called Detroit, between Lake Erie and Lake Huro, which is a separate government. From Detroit to the sea is about seven hundred leagues. Of course this is by the rivers, for there is thus far no route by land in a straight line.

On the south it is bounded by the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, which runs almost East and West for about two hundred leagues, to-wit: from the river Madelaine, which is a miserable little river falling into the bay, called by the Spaniards, Saint Bernard and by the French, St. Louis, which is consequently neither the Rio-Panuco nor the Rio-del-Norte (Rio Grande).

It seems, although more than seven years ago the court gave orders to erect at the two places named posts with the arms of His Majesty, that the King of Spain objected thereto, as it appears from the objections made two years ago by the Governor of Pensacola, when he learned that Sieur de Bienville was to plant these posts.

Neither on the East nor on the West is the boundary marked. It is however easier to conjecture our boundary on the East, that is to say between Carolina, occupied by the English, than on the West, where the country is very extensive and unknown.

The Missouri may be ascended for four hundred leagues without encountering any habitation of the Spaniards. At about five hundred leagues one commences to hear news of them from the savages who are at war with them.

This may be a more populous country than France and we must explore this unknown region.

THE CLIMATE FINE, 1720

Extract from a memoir to the India Company:

1720.

The King by letter of patent, verified in Parliament, Sept. 7, 1717, has established the Company of the Mississippi, composed of the Companies of Canada, Saint-Dominica, Guinea, the Indies Oriental. This company which may be called general, is to found establishments in the country of Louisiana or the Mississippi, not to mention the several other countries, of an extent nearly indefinite, situated on that river, north of New Mexico, which all Europe can not populate, and from the mouth of said Mississippi and of the Mobile, another great river, both of which flow south into the Gulf of Mexico, and to the two sources of the Mississippi on the north, about eight hundred leagues, which is the ordinary course of this stream upon which frigates of thirty cannons can ascend more than six hundred leagues from its mouth. The climate of this country is very fine and salubrious.

ADVANTAGES OF DETACHMENT TO BE SENT TO THE UPPER
MISSOURI, 1717

Extract from a memorandum of the colony of Louisiana sent to the council of Marine in the month of October, 1717, by Sieur Hubert:

Up to the death of the late King of happy memory, the colonies were treated with much indifference. This has in no small degree contributed to the enlargement of those other nations. The Regency taking more interest in this matter, we have just reason to hope that the colony of Louisiana will be more favorably treated.

I return to the mines which exist in fact, to the reports of those who have been at the place, and the pieces which M. De Lamotte has extracted, do not really confirm their riches, as three pieces were from the surface of the ground. Generally at a certain depth in high mountains, the richest ores are found. The proof is evident from those of the Spaniards in

New Mexico. M. De Lamotte has made only a cursory survey, for he had neither the time nor the necessary facilities for a thorough reconnoissance. He only could see the mines in a hurry and in quietude, as he had not men enough to defend himself, if attacked by savages. It is in fact very hazardous to travel the country of several savage and unknown nations without a good escort. It is difficult to ward them off when on the warpath; they show no mercy to those whom they find with their enemies. M. De Lamotte made only a rough draft. To examine these mines situated in such a vast territory, full of them and to search for them, the explorer must have a sufficient force to protect him, in case he is attacked and has to retreat to a fortified position. An officer, selected for the service, and fifty soldiers, who may serve two purposes, as guards and laborers, twelve Canadians to be sent out to carry on trade, which will facilitate the discoveries, twelve men to tend to the pirogues, forty negroes as oarsmen and to work in the mines, six miners for prospecting, with one machine engineer to construct mills and furnaces, two surgeons and a chaplain will be sufficient for this enterprise; the success is certain. These are the only and sure means for a perfect reconnoissance of these mines and to ensure the profits to be derived.

A detachment taken to the Upper Missouri will be of great advantage in protecting the trade with the Spanish, who, as we are assured, cross this river to go to their mines. It would enhance this object, if it were located advantageously for this commerce. The Spaniards when remote from the source of their strength, will be unable to drive the French from the country. The latter certainly will be sustained by the savage nations, who hold the Spaniards in horror, and who will be in the interest of the French by reason of the merchandise they bring to them, and the presents they will make them. This will facilitate the means, by which we shall make ourselves master of the country where the mines of New Mexico are located and drive the Spaniards away. However, it may not be deemed proper to carry this out; we shall have at least money enough in exchange for French

merchandise. The possession is always of advantage for the future. This is not to be neglected.

The Spaniards have no special claim by which they can make exception to a similar establishment. It is at a greater distance to them than Nachitoches, where we built and they repressed us; more they never have been in that country, which must belong to the Crown who takes first possession of it. They only traverse the Upper Missouri in order to repair to their mines, which, it is said are northwest of that river.

This project is easily executed, and must not be retarded, or else we shall be anticipated. There is another not less magnificent branch, this is a great river, which, as it is maintained, issues from the same mountain, where the Missouri rises. It is even believed that it is a branch which falls into the Sea of the West. This discovery the Canadians will make soon; and by an establishment procure commerce with China and Japan. This will be a short route. This opens of great importance and merits investigation of the truth.

MISSOURI RIVER THE REAL SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI SUR-
PASSES IN BEAUTY AND RICHES, 1717

Those who have ascended the Missouri assert that there is the real source of the Mississippi, that the latter should more legitimately bear name of the Missouri. The country they have seen in the vicinity of this stream surpasses in beauty and riches that of the rest of the colony. It is situated in pleasant climate, which produces everything in the greatest abundance without difficulty. The air is salubrious, the seasons are regular and well tempered. There are lands covered with all kinds of wood. There are immense prairies covered with wild cattle, and all other species of wild animals. Salt is in abundance, although far from the sea. These are all certain and sure proofs of the fecundity and the vicinity of mines.

We are also assured that the savages there are humane, affable, that they esteem the French, but still more the

merchandise they bring to them. They, like all savages, like to talk by signs, and to be given presents without stint. In these respects Frenchmen are strong and have a good spirit, as they say. This information regarding the Missouri was obtained from more than one voyager, after having questioned them separately on their arrival here.

Nothing can be against this project, except the expenses. At first they will be considerable to make an ascent of about eight hundred leagues up this rapid river. There should be about one hundred and fifty persons, provided with provisions, ammunition and merchandise. This will require at least twenty pirogues or flat boats especially constructed for this purpose. The expense will not be so considerable, when we take into consideration the riches to be derived from these mines and the cultivation of the land.

Translated from Pierre Margry, *Memoires et Documents*, Paris, 1888, Tome VI pp. 453-465. By Addison E. Sheldon.

A FRENCHMAN ESTABLISHED AT THE PANIMAHAS, GOES TO THE
RICARAS, 1734

Extract from a letter by Bienville to the Minister of
Marines:

April 22, 1734.

A Frenchman, who for several years, resided with the Panimahas, who are settled on the Missouri, has been with these savages to the Ricaras who dwell higher up on this river, and who had till then never seen a Frenchman, has found in that part of the country several silver mines, which are very rich, and among them one which he believes them to be virgin. Two voyageurs have gone with him to verify that report.

VOYAGE OF THE MALLET BROTHERS WITH SIX OTHER FRENCH-
MEN FROM THE RIVER OF THE PANIMAHAS (PAWNEE
LOUPS) IN THE MISSOURI COUNTRY TO SANTA FE,
1739-1740

Extract from a Journal of this voyage, presented to M. de Bienville, Governor, and Salomon, Intendant of Louisiana.

For the knowledge of the route these Canadians have taken to discover New Mexico it is well to know that it is 100 leagues from the Illinois to the village of the Missouris on the river of the same name, 80 leagues from there to the Canzas, 100 leagues from the Canzas to the Octotatas and 60 leagues from there to the junction of the river of the Panimahas with the Missouris. This nation is settled at the mouth of a river of their name and from there the explorers started May 29th, 1739.

All those who have till now attempted to penetrate into New Mexico, thought to find the source of the Missouri, and for that purpose ascended to the Ricaras who are 150 leagues farther up from the Panis. Upon the report of some savages the explorers took an entirely different route, and leaving the Panis, they went overland, and returned nearly parallel with the Missouri River.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE*

BY FAYE L. STEWART

Alexander M. (Dick) House, who is still living in Poosey, Livingston county, joined the company of Captain N. G. Dye of Spring Hill. Dye's company later united with the forces of General Slack. When the writer of this article visited Mr. House last summer, in company with her father, Douglass Stewart, she heard Mr. House recite this "ballad" as he termed it, and which he composed in commemoration of the battle of Pea Ridge:

THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE

On March seventh, in the year of '62,
We had a sore engagement with Abe Lincoln's crew;
Van Dorn was our commander, as may be remembered be,
There we left three hundred men near the Indian Territory.

At Carthage and at Springfield, where many a hero fell,
At Lexington and Dry Wood, so near the truth can tell,
But such another carnage, never did I see,
Which happened on the mountain near the Indian Territory.

We made our first attack just as the day did break,
And being overpowered, was forced to retreat,
They killed General McCulloch, and McIntosh likewise;
While the shouts of horrid Federals resounded through the skies.

We had not long been broken, until Colonel Rives, he fell.
He cried, "My boys, I'm wounded, pray take me off the field.
"My God," says he, "what shall we do?" They wondered every man.
"Go charge, ye valiant heroes, and whip them, if ye can."

Says General Slack unto his men, "You must not be dismayed,
I'm sure that you Missouri boys were never yet afraid.
Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die, than they should gain the field."
At that he got a fatal shot, which caused him for to yield.

*Reprinted from the Chillicothe Daily Tribune, March 7, 1927.

Says General Van Dorn unto his men, "We can no longer stand,
We must try to form in order and retreat the best we can,"
The word "retreat" being passed all round, which caused a general cry;
And helter skelter through the woods, like lost sheep we did fly.

Now to mention of our officer, is what I wish to do,
No son of Mars e'er fought more brave, nor with more courage true.
To Captain Clarke I belonged, to his artillery,
Who fell that day among the slain. What a gallant man was he!

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, which was fought March 7-8, 1862, brings to the minds of the few remaining veterans of the Confederate army, who now live in Livingston county, that it was at this battle that Brigadier General William Y. Slack, a lawyer of Chillicothe, was mortally wounded.

General Slack had come to Chillicothe as a young lawyer; he was twenty-two when he settled here in March, 1839. He had made for himself a reputation as a lawyer and as a soldier when the Civil war began. As captain of a company of Livingston county men, he had gone with General Sterling Price to New Mexico during the Mexican war.

Captain Slack was, perhaps, the leading secessionist of this section of the country when the secession question became paramount after the fall of Fort Sumter. And it was quite natural that this fact, coupled with his military experience, should lead Governor Claiborne Jackson to commission him a brigadier general of the Fourth Military District, which included Livingston county along with eleven other counties. This appointment was made May 18, 1861.

General Slack organized his district at once. Many of his soldiers came from Chillicothe, but the real hotbed of activities centered around Spring Hill in Jackson township. It was from this township that two companies were raised to fight in the southern army.

Although several of the Confederate veterans, who live here in Chillicothe and in Livingston county, fought under Slack, they did not all leave this county with him. W. H. Mansur first saw Slack when he reached Lexington with his

forces to join General Price's army. Mr. Mansur was just twenty years old when he joined the Southern cause. At that time he was living in Ray county. Mansur later became senior second lieutenant Co. C 3d Regiment of the First Missouri Brigade. But during the first six months of the war he was in the Militia State Guard under General Slack.

When asked to describe his experience in the battle of Pea Ridge, Mr. Mansur said, "I recall most vividly the house which was known as Elkhorn Tavern (the battle of Pea Ridge is sometimes called the battle of Elkhorn Tavern). It stood by itself on a hill. At the close of the first day's fighting, Ed Wall of Ray county, and I were detailed on vedette duty. We had gone through a forced march the day before the battle and had been fighting all day so we were completely worn out when our time for relief came.

"Our side was then in possession of the Tavern and Ed and I went out to the horselots where a tent had been left lying on the ground. We picked up the tent, lay down on the ground, pulled our tent over us for our only covering and went to sleep. I remember though, that just before we went to sleep, that Ed's last words were: 'I hope I never have to hear another gun as long as I live.'

"We withdrew the next morning, but we could have defeated the enemy and never knew it."

And this is the opinion of J. J. Stith, too, who had enlisted in Northeast Missouri and was in Captain Duel's company, Colonel Green's regiment. Stith was under General Rains at Pea Ridge.

"Several years after the war," recounts Mr. Stith, "I was living in Linn county when a former Union soldier came to my house to seek lodging for the night. In the course of the evening's conversation, we found that we had both taken part in the battle of Pea Ridge.

" 'What in the devil did you fellows retreat that Saturday morning for?' asked this Union soldier.

"I said, 'you're a soldier, aren't you? What is the first duty of a soldier if it isn't to obey orders? We retreated be-

cause we were ordered to retreat by General Van Dorn who was our commanding officer.'

" 'Why,' he replied, 'we had our artillery all parked ready for surrender and were also ready to spike the cannons and we were intending to surrender to the Southerners at daybreak. Sigel had begged General Curtis, our commanding officer, for just two hours to let him try to cut his way through your forces. He said that if he could not get through in that length of time, that he would surrender. But Curtis refused his request. And here you fellows retreated!' "

Mr. Stith then informed his guest that General Price likewise had begged tearfully for Van Dorn not to give the order to retreat, but Van Dorn was obdurate.

"A common saying among the soldiers after this battle, was: 'Nobody was whipped at the battle of Pea Ridge but Van Dorn,'" mused Mr. Stith. "The next evening after the battle, General Rains came riding past Van Dorn's marquee. Van Dorn was standing out in front of his marquee. Just as General Rains rode by Van Dorn, some one called out, 'Who was whipped at the battle of Pea Ridge?'

"Quick as a flash Rains shouted back, 'By —, nobody was whipped at Pea Ridge but Van Dorn.'

"General Van Dorn immediately placed General Rains under arrest. His saber was taken from him, and he was kept under arrest until we reached Memphis. One day Van Dorn offered to give Rains his saber back unconditionally. Rains indignantly refused, demanding a court martial."

Both Mr. Mansur and Mr. Stith recount the death of Colonel Ben Rives in this battle. They were both witnesses to his being shot. Mr. Stith helped to carry Rives off the field. Colonel Rives' brother, who chanced to be close by when Rives was horribly shot in the abdomen, called to Stith, who was near at hand on his horse, to ride alongside the Colonel and support him—the Colonel was on his horse—while he led his brother's horse. They proceeded slowly off the field, according to Mr. Stith, and took their commander to a small farmhouse, near the scene of conflict, that had been turned into a first-aid station. "There we left him," said

Mr. Stith, "for we had to return to our companies. I don't know what became of his body."

So affected was this old veteran, who is in his eighty-eighth year, that he stopped speaking for a moment, and then added, "At this late date, as I look back over the different scenes in which I took part, I'll say that it looks awfully foolish, fearful, to me, for men to organize and go out to see which side can shoot the most men."

James Shirley of this city was present also at this battle. When just a lad of sixteen, to keep from being forced into the Federal army, he left Chillicothe on his good horse, "Nig," for his grandfather's house near Fayette. Arriving there, he found the entire country in sympathy with the Southern cause. The women were so absorbed in making tents and other provisions for the army, and the men busy joining the state militia, that the inspired youth rode on to Lexington and joined the forces of General Sterling Price.

Henry Williams, colored, who lives on Graves street, was also a youth when he was taken along in the army by Captain Drury Pulliam of the C. S. A. at Fayette. Henry was present at the battle of Pea Ridge. He was later made a servant under Colonel John B. Clark of Howard county.

Generals McIntosh, McCullough and Captain Clarke were other leaders who fell on this day, but to the Livingston county men, the falling of none affected them so much as seeing their own beloved General Slack carried off the field.

Early in the engagement, General Slack was struck by a ball, while he was placing troops in position. He was carried off the battlefield to Sugar Hollow, where he was attended by his surgeon, Dr. Peter Austin. On Saturday, after the retreat of the Confederates—by this time the Confederate Army had been organized—he was removed to the farm house of Andrew Roller. Roller's Ridge was one of the ridges in this section, according to Mr. Stith. Later, when fear of capture seemed imminent, General Slack was taken to Moore's Mills, where he died March 21. His faithful sergeant, Joe Ruegger of Chillicothe, was with him until the last and

helped to bury him. His family physician, Dr. Keith, and his wife, Mrs. Isabella Slack, were also with him.

Not only has a monument been erected to his memory at his grave in Confederate cemetery in Fayetteville, Arkansas, where he was buried in 1880, but near Elkhorn Tavern, which still stands, is a monument of General Slack, alongside of the monuments of McIntosh, McCullough, and other Confederate soldiers who fell on the Pea Ridge battlefield.

A survey of this battlefield was completed in October, 1926, by United States engineers, and a bill was planned to be introduced at this last Congress to ask that a national military park be erected on the site.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON'S JOURNAL OF DONIPHAN'S EXPEDITION

FIRST ARTICLE

INTRODUCTION

THE VIRGINIA ANCESTRY OF COLONEL DONIPHAN

BY WILLIAM B. MCGROARTY

Colonel Alexander William Doniphan came by his martial talents by inheritance from his first Virginia ancestor, Captain Alexander Doniphan, (1650-1717), who "Commanded a Troop of Horse in the Upper part of Richmond County, in 1704," as is recited in *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Volume 1, page 316. To the student of colonial Virginia history the mere statement of such a fact opens up a wide vista of interest. Richmond county was formed from Old Rappahannock (to distinguish it from the county of the same name of today), in 1692, and extended along the Rappahannock river indefinitely westward; the "Upper Part," therefore, was but a vague description; it might mean fifty miles or five hundred.

The duties of the Troop of Horse were, for the most part, to guard the far-flung frontiers so that the inhabitants scattered along the rivers in the tidewater section might rest secure in their settlements and on their plantations from fear of Indian forays. The command of such troops was a post of high honor and trust, and called for bravery, good judgment, and executive ability. These troops were known as "Rangers;" there were similar bodies operating on the other side of the Rappahannock river, commanded by Col. John Battaile, Col. John A. Taliaferro, and others of equal note. The early history of the Commonwealth is full of the deeds of heroism of the Rangers; to be descended from one of them is a proud heritage, especially if, as in the case of Col. Doniphan, their noble qualities descended with their blood.

Old Rappahannock, out of which Richmond on the upper and Essex county on the lower side were carved in 1692, was in itself a realm; embracing both sides of the Rappahannock river it extended "to the furthestmost limits beyond the high mountains." The name came from the Indian tribes of the Powhatan Confederacy formerly living on the Rappahannock river, the word meaning "the people of the alternating (ebb and flow) stream."¹

Captain Alexander Doniphan first appears in the Virginia records in 1674, in a deposition, in which his age was stated to be "about twenty-four." He was born, therefore, about 1650. As "Captain" Alexander Doniphan he was appointed one of the gentlemen justices when Richmond county was formed and served in that capacity from 1692 to 1704.² He was appointed sheriff of Richmond county in 1716.

Captain Doniphan was twice married. Beyond the fact that her name was Susanna and that there were no children, little is known of his second wife. His first wife was Margaret Mott, one of the great heiresses of the day. John and George Mott, brothers, patented, October, 1670, 15,600 acres of land in what was then Rappahannock, later Richmond and still later King George county; their wills, each dated 1675, leave all their possessions to the four daughters of George Mott: Elizabeth, Margaret, Ann and Eleanor. Margaret married Captain Alexander Doniphan; his will, dated September 20th, 1716, and probated February 6th, 1717, names the following issue: sons, Alexander, Mott and Robert; daughters, Margaret and Ann; grandson, Giles Travers.

Of these we are at present interested only in Alexander, born about 1676, and, unfortunately, we know but little more of him than his name; this name, Alexander, has been bestowed

¹*History of Virginia Counties*, by Robinson.

²*William and Mary College Quarterly*, Vol. 3, page 132; Vol. XV, page 187; Vol. XVII, page 73.

The justices associated with Captain Doniphan were Col. William Taylor, Lieut. Col. George Taylor, Lieut. Col. Sam Peachy, Captain William Underwood, Captain John Tarplay, Captain William Robinson, Thomas Beale, and Joshua Davis, all men of the highest standing.

upon so many Doniphans, in succeeding generations, that in many instances it is impossible to identify a particular one; nor can the name of the wife of this Alexander be given; but it is definitely known that he had a son, also named Alexander, (whose wife was, it is believed, Catherine Dobbins), and five grandsons, Alexander, Joseph, George, Thornton and Anderson. George was in the Revolution and was killed at Brandywine.

Our interest centers in Joseph, who was the father of the subject of this sketch. Joseph was born in King George county, Virginia, in 1757. When twenty-two years old he went out to Kentucky and joined Daniel Boone's colony, at Boonesboro, where he remained a year; returning to Virginia he, according to Colonel Doniphan's statement, also served in the Revolution and was present at the surrender at Yorktown, in 1781.³ He married, *circa*, 1788, Ann Smith; their first child was born in 1790 and in the following year, Joseph with his young family and accompanied by his youngest brother, Anderson, returned to Kentucky.

After Captain Alexander Doniphan himself, the most forceful and widely known of the Doniphan tribe in Virginia for several generations, was his second son, Mott, the great-uncle of Joseph, who followed in his father's footsteps by marrying a landed heiress, Ann Anderson; he was a Vestryman (1746-1757) of the famous Aquia Church,⁴ one of the

³The writer has been unable to find the record of Joseph's Revolutionary service. The records of the Virginia soldiers in the Revolution are unfortunately incomplete due largely to their destruction, both State and county, during the war between the states. That Joseph Doniphan was a Revolutionary soldier is doubtless true.

⁴Aquia Church (an Indian word, pronounced *ac-qui-ah*), a large brick and stone building, was constructed on the site of an earlier one, in 1751; it was greatly damaged by fire, if not entirely destroyed, in 1754; it was rebuilt as at present, in 1757. In this church, and in those which preceded it on the same spot, the Doniphan family worshipped for several generations; in fact some of them worship there still. As far as the writer knows Aquia is the only colonial church in Virginia standing exactly as it stood originally. Time has softened and beautified it; wars have raged about it without harming it; it has never required the services of the "restorer." On the front of the balcony opposite the high pulpit is a large panel of dark wood on which are inscribed the names of the Vestrymen (1757), among them, Mott Doniphan. The paint on this panel has never been re-touched. The church is visited annually by scores of tourists.

most admired and venerated structures in Virginia today, and he dispensed lordly hospitality for many years on his great plantation. Mott's eldest son, Alexander, married Mary, the daughter of Joseph and granddaughter of Parson John Waugh, one of the most famous characters of his day in Virginia. Alexander and Mary had a number of children and their descendants, principally through their son Alexander, are scattered over the West and Southwest; wherever they are found the name Alexander has followed them to the latest generation; this is also true in Virginia.

The family of Smiths to which the mother of Colonel Doniphan belonged was a noted one in colonial times in Virginia and remains so today. During the reign of George I, Sir Walter Anderson, a native of Wales and an officer in the British navy, and Sir Sidney Smith, a native of England, settled in Richmond county, and Joseph Smith, a son of the last, married Kitty the daughter of Sir Walter Anderson; her sister, Ann Anderson, married Mott Doniphan.⁵

William Smith, son of Joseph and Kitty (Anderson) Smith, married Elizabeth Doniphan, who was born 1744, married 1773 and died 1809. She was the daughter of Anderson Doniphan and his wife, Magdalena Monteith, and the granddaughter of Mott Doniphan—not daughter, as Hayden has it. William and Elizabeth (Doniphan) Smith were the parents of Caleb Smith and of Ann Smith who married her kinsman Joseph Doniphan. Caleb Smith was the father of William Smith, twice governor of Virginia.

⁵"The tradition is held by many of the Doniphans that they are of Spanish descent, but the writer has found nothing to support this theory. Captain Alexander Doniphan, the founder, was certainly an Englishman." (*Virginia and Virginians*, Brock, 1888, page 209.) Connelley (Note 8, page 15), says: "This tradition is a degeneration from the true origin of the family. There can be no doubt that the name is a corruption of the Celtic Donovan or O'Donovan. Rooney says (*Genealogy of Irish Families*): 'The O'Donovan family is descended from Milesius, King of Spain, through the line of his son, Heber. The founder of the family was Carmac, King of Munster, A. D. 483.'"

Connelley adds that although Col. Doniphan "abhorred" the idea that his family was of Irish extraction, he was himself the typical Celt—"Of immense stature, noble appearance, brilliant parts, fearless, of great moral courage, sanguine, faithful, just, poetic in temperament, the champion of the down-trodden, eloquent beyond description, and without doubt entitled to be classed among the greatest orators that ever lived."

Joseph Doniphan on his return to Kentucky settled in Mason county. George, the eldest child, was born in King George county, Virginia, July 4, 1790. He married Mary Ann Marshall, January 23d, 1821, in Augusta, Ky., in the adjoining county of Bracken. Mary Ann Marshall was the daughter of the Hon. Martin Marshall, an own cousin to the Chief Justice and very like his celebrated cousin in learning and logic. Her mother was Matilda Battaile Taliaferro, of a Virginia family of distinction.

Colonel Doniphan, who was born in Mason county, Ky., July 9, 1808, made his home with his brother George, after the death of their father in 1813. He was instructed in law by Martin Marshall.

It is not the province of this article to traverse the ground so completely covered by William E. Connelley in his most valuable work dealing with the military exploits of Colonel Doniphan. Connelley republished, in its entirety, the earlier work of Major John T. Hughes, with a wealth of explanatory notes and a vast amount of historical matter. Major Hughes' book was published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by U. P. James, in 1847. It went through several editions, in cloth and paper, the price of the former being one dollar, and of the latter, twenty-five cents. Copies of the work, in cloth, were bringing twenty dollars twenty years ago. It was re-printed in 1914 in pamphlet form, by the United States Senate, as Senate Document 608. These were for free distribution, and the supply was soon exhausted. The writer was fortunate enough to secure one of the Senate copies, a year ago, in a second-hand book store, at a cost of three dollars and a half, and immediately had it bound in cloth.

Connelley's work was published by Crane & Co., Topeka, Kas., presumably in 1907; he refers in his preface, dated that year, to the Hughes account "Published nearly sixty years ago." It is a matter of deep regret that both of these books are out of print, but, fortunately, they can be found in all large libraries.

The writer, some months ago, was greatly pleased to find in the Peabody Library in Baltimore, Md., a copy of a small

pamphlet which contained the diary of a soldier, from Maryland, who, quite by accident, was a member of the Doniphan Expedition; it was entitled,

"William H. Richardson; Journal in the Campaign of New and Old Mexico, under Command of Colonel Doniphan, of Missouri."

This pamphlet, neatly bound, was published in Baltimore in the fall of 1847 and again in 1848. In the same year, 1848, a third edition was published in New York. The indications are that each edition was limited in number. The diary is of great interest as recording the point of view of a soldier in the ranks, and in the sidelights it throws upon men and events of the memorable military movement; and most interesting still because of the views expressed in its pages of Colonel Doniphan as a commander, a man, and a friend. It seemed to the writer that this pamphlet should have wider circulation than it has ever had, and he still thinks so. Curious to know how many copies there might be available to the public at the present time, he circularized the leading libraries of the country and learned that it may be found on the shelves of the following:

The Newberry Library, Chicago, 2d Baltimore edition.

The New York Historical Society, N. Y., 1st Baltimore and the New York editions.

The Yale University Library, New York edition.

The New York Public Library, New York ed. 1848.

The Peabody Library, Baltimore, 2d Baltimore ed. 1848.

The Maryland Historical Society, 1st and 2d Baltimore editions.

Connelley was familiar with the Richardson diary, New York editions; he refers to it (page 365) as follows:

"This is one of the most reliable and valuable works on the Conquest of New Mexico. Richardson left his home, on West River, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, on Nov. 11th, 1845, for a Southern tour, as he tells us July 4th, 1846, he enlisted in the Carroll county Company, under Captain Williams The journal gives a daily record of the march of the regiment to Santa Fe, the only

record I have found of the march. Hubert Howe Bancroft seems not to have known of this work and laments the want of such a journal, (see his History of New Mexico) This work is conservative and fair in statement, and taken altogether it is an invaluable record."

The writer has made earnest effort to learn something of the history of Richardson, but without success; he lives, at least for the world in general, only in the pages of his journal, where, it must be granted, he has attained his due share of the immortality which is the natural guerdon of the reliable historian.

In the year 1875 a young lady living in Washington, D. C., Miss Emma Doniphan, wrote Colonel Doniphan a friendly letter expressing her admiration of his many talents and achievements and asking him to signify to which line of the Virginia Doniphans he belonged. This was the beginning of a long and interesting correspondence. A few of these letters have survived, in whole or in part, and the owners have kindly allowed their use in the preparation of this article. Mr. Alexander Slaughter Doniphan, of Alexandria, Virginia, the brother of the young lady referred to, was invited to attend the unveiling of the monument to Col. Doniphan, at Liberty, Mo., as a representative of the Virginia family and a kinsman of the blood; it is a matter of lasting regret to him that he was unable to accept the invitation.

Any letter penned by Colonel Doniphan cannot but be of great interest to all those who still honor and revere this great citizen of Missouri. These are all written on the stationery of the Ray County Savings Bank, Richmond, Mo., A. W. Doniphan, president, H. C. Garner, cashier; southeast corner College and Main streets. The first one, of which, unfortunately, we have only a portion, follows:

Richmond, Mo. 1875.

Dear Cousin Emma—for such you certainly are; I was greatly surprised and delighted to receive your very sensible and delightful letter of the 2nd inst. You can not realize how grateful it is to me to find there is one more of my limited

relationship; blood is thicker than water; it is especially so with those descended from Dear Old Virginia. It becomes more so daily as I grow older; I am now an old man, sixty-seven, and after an active and not eventful life—greatly varied with sunshine and shadow—I am now isolated and alone; like the tall oak whose graceful boughs and delicate foliage has been torn ruthlessly away by the bolt of heaven and the old trunk is left standing awaiting the sure process of decay and death.

I was once blessed with a lovely wife and two promising boys, who each lived to sixteen. I may say without vanity that they were the most highly educated, the most finished educations, of any boys of that age in the state; besides the ordinary classical and scientific collegiate training, each could speak and write French, Spanish, German and Italian, and yet neither was seventeen at his death—the youngest only lacked a few months. Both died by painful accidents; it renders me too sad to think or write any particulars. I had provided them with private teachers from childhood and never tasked them heavily, and required them to plough and to hoe when I feared study was enervating them; they died two years apart.

I have pained myself to say this much to give you some faint idea of my heart-rending loss; my wife was a lovely woman; I married her the day she was seventeen; I was glad she had no more education than the Common Schools of this frontier country then afforded; I desired to educate her myself—to form her mind and tastes—I was young, liberally educated, and energetic. I never read a book to myself (other than a Law work) during more than thirty years of married life; I read them all to her and with her, she often relieving me. You can form some idea of her culture when I say without immodesty that I have been a great student—almost a universal one. But death spares neither the gentle and lovely any more than the less lovely; three years ago my wife died of heart disease—suddenly; she was on her feet talking to her sister when she ceased to breathe; she was talking and died with a smile on her face. After living at my

own home more than thirty years, having every comfort and delicate attention, I am now boarding at a Hotel with no one of my family in the county. It is a great change but far better than to live in the family of another. You can make a hotel a sort of home by using money and being quiet and conciliatory—and the family are old acquaintances and very kind to me.

My wife has some sisters living, but greatly scattered; two are in New York, one at Liberty, my old home for thirty years, one in Salem, Oregon, and one in Saint Joseph. I love them dearly and they are constantly importuning me to live with them; they are, some of them, wealthy, all quite independent. I have a nephew, Col. John Doniphan, an eminent lawyer, at St. Joseph, sixty miles west of me. Mrs. General Dyer, widow of Gen. A. B. Dyer of the Ordinance, who lives in your city, is an own cousin of my wife and an intimate friend of mine.

This of my present status and surroundings; but you are desirous to know who I am. My father was Joseph Doniphan, a brother of your grandfather, Alexander Doniphan. I bear the same name. I knew Cousin Slaughter well;⁴ as I returned

⁴Cousin Slaughter was Thomas Alexander Slaughter Doniphan; the fact that he was a cousin several times removed was a detail of small moment to Virginians and Kentuckians, then as now. Col. Doniphan (5th generation) descended from the second Alexander; Cousin Slaughter (6th generation) descended from Mott, his brother.

The interest of the writer in the Doniphan family dates from his childhood. His mother's cousin, Mary Ann Marshall, was the wife of George Doniphan, the elder brother of Col. Doniphan, and in the home of this family, some years after the death of George (1864) he was a frequent visitor.

Long prior to this time, and long before the writer's birth, a young man, David Anderson Doniphan, came from his home in Louisiana, to Cincinnati, Ohio, to study medicine. Upon his graduation, 1842, he married, in Cincinnati, the oldest sister of the writer's father, who returned with him to Louisiana. Dr. Doniphan and his wife both died a few years later leaving two children, one a babe in arms. These two children were brought to Cincinnati and reared there—the writer's own cousins. His mother brought the orphans into contact with the George Doniphan family and a life-long intimacy and cousinship was established; but all of them died without learning anything relating to their common origin or degree of consanguinity.

The young doctor, David Anderson Doniphan, was the younger brother of the Cousin Slaughter of the text. They were the sons of Joel Thompson Doniphan of Stafford county, Virginia, and Alice Savage Slaughter, his wife, the grandsons of Alexander, and the great-grandsons of that Alexander who married

from the Mexican War in 1847 I first met him at Natchez, then editing *The Free Trader*; met him in St. Louis—at Leavenworth—at my own house in Missouri, and talked over the Virginia part of the family often with him. Also knew Alexander Doniphan, a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at one time of Lynchburg, Va., and once of Alabama. My father came to Kentucky with Daniel Boone, just at the close of the Revolution; taught the first school ever taught in Kentucky—at the solicitation of the families at Boonsborough; of course, at intervals—when not Indian fighting; he returned to Virginia, married a daughter of Captain William Smith (whence comes the middle letter of my name) in Fairfax County. Returned to Kentucky with his family in 1790, accompanied by my Uncle, Dr. Anderson Doniphan his youngest brother. My father died in March, 1813, when I was less than five years old.

I was the youngest child; my mother was a bright woman and for some years trained me well—but there being no school, and even the poor one a mile and half away, I was sent to Augusta, Ky.; there I was well and carefully educated at a Methodist College; we had seven preachers filling the professors chairs, and to them, under Providence, I owe all that I have been and am. My morals became fixed, my habits of industry established, and love of literature absorbing. I practiced Law forty-five years, from boyhood to old age, with what success others will decide. I abandoned it last year—brain work was injuring me. I worked to keep from thinking over the dark past. I am now President of a little Bank, reading, travelling and visiting some. I have one sister, sixty miles from Cincinnati; she is eighty-one; we are the only children of my father living and I visit her every

Mary Waugh. This last Alexander was the son of Mott Doniphan and Ann Anderson his wife and the grandson of Alexander, the first, and Margaret Mott. Cousin Slaughter was born in 1813 and went to Natchez in 1831; his parents were both dead and very soon he was joined by his brother David and a sister, Lucretia Ann. All married and all have descendants at the present time living in Louisiana and nearby Mississippi.

It is seldom that the genealogist has a more complicated, or more interesting, problem to solve than the one recounted above.

year; what a lovely old lady she is; her youngest son lives with her; they have a large and valuable farm; the other children of my father are dead—(Remainder missing).

The fragment of a letter—the fifth page—which follows can only be approximated as to its date; probably prior to 1878.

. I write (although it is the left hand and arm that are infused) yet the left is in my way; If I hang it down at my side the blood accumulates in a short time in the hand, so I have to abandon it; if I rest it on the table the circulation ceases as I can only lay it flat, not being able to turn the palm of my hand up at any time; hence I write so seldom; it will be alright after a time; there is nothing like patience, but even Job became impatient—but not until long after his wife had; I cannot blame him; Eliphas still lives in every community and I have found many of the true type of Job's Comforters. I have been told of hundreds of cases exactly like my own, in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky—but not one ever recovered. There is a morbid taste quite universal for prognostications of evil; why is it? Yet it is so; I have written you this because of the anxiety you so kindly and affectionately manifested in your note of inquiry to Dr. Garner, my Cashier. You say nothing of yourself or family. I hope you are all well and have not suffered any sickness since I heard directly from you. I have not spent my time unpleasantly, all things considered; I am a constant reader—take the British periodicals, read some politics, have surfeited on the Siberian Bill debates; read Buther & Cannon on Eternal Punishment and many answers from orthodox teachers &c. &c., to say nothing of the War between the semi-barbarian nations of Europe and Asia. Have had a pleasant visit from Mr. Lawson and his wife, of New York, of several weeks; she is the youngest sister of my wife and they have both been in Europe since May, 1874; so we had much pleasant converse.

Give my love to the family and bushels to yourself and write a long letter to your

Cousin Will.

Richmond, Mo., May 6, 1878.

My Dear Cousin:

Long E'er this you have justly come to the conclusion that your cousin is at least a careless if not faithless correspondent—even for a person of his age. I can assure you that you have a very unfortunate one; in the early part of April I had a very dangerous and painful attack of congestion. I can not rationally account for it; I was in very good health and had been in the bank all day and as it was Saturday I remained for an hour after the Cashier and clerks had left, looking over the week's work. After I arrived at my room an hour I felt very unwell, took a large dose of quinine and sent for a physician. I saw at once he was alarmed; in a few minutes my chest was enveloped in mustard and such medicines administered as are common in such cases. For forty-eight hours I suffered intensely; the disease was then conquered; I had no more symptoms of it; the Doctor sat up both nights all night. For two weeks I could not sit up, had no appetite and no strength. I am now as well and strong as before the attack, but the business letters of the Bank had so accumulated that I have been busy; this is the first family letter I have written; I was afraid you would be uneasy hence I write you first.

I am so thankful to you for your letter of the 12th ult., it found me in bed and hence gave me more pleasure as the incidents in the room of a convalescent are always monotonous. Your description of your Aunt is so gentle and loving, and of your grandpa, that I can but love you the more for your, kind loving nature. I never could have much admiration of or respect for a woman whose heart the love of her kindred did not well over, bright and sparkling as the bright gems of a pure mountain stream.

My own wife was such a gentle loving woman, yet with an intellect a man of culture might have envied; the loss is the

misery of my life. I trace much of my suffering although physical to suffering—the agony of the heart. In early life I might have had the wound seared over, in my energetic devotion to business. I am thankful that while it was necessary to work Providence gave me power to work and a loving heart to encourage me. Do send your picture; I am anxious to see how it harmonizes with the one that for two years has been stereotyped on my imagination; we always form fancy pictures of every one—especially of our kindred; and sometimes they are wonderfully correct, and again there is no trace of similarity; send it and I will give up my fancy sketch for the truth; did I ever send you mine? I had Kirtz of New York to take twenty for me in '73 but soon gave them away and could ten times as many to my old soldiers and admiring friends of other days.

Do you often see our friend Rea? this county is now in his district. I am one of his many constituents; when the district (his former one) was Republican, there was not many contestants for his old shoes but a 2,500 majority causes patriots to spring up like Hydras. So far as the opposition has developed I am for Rea; he is honest and fearless; can not be bought, and that is better than I think of some of his competitors; I know his short-comings in Statesmanship and literature well. The Democrats, in this state at least, have quite a penchant for mediocrity; indeed, as our delegation in the Senate and the House plainly shows the party is prone to dive even below the surface in fishing for representatives; if it was their purpose to get *common* (I will not use the kindred term *unclean*) persons they have succeeded to a charm; this is only to you; when I speak of my party publicly I do it approvingly. I don't admire a dog that will kill a sheep at home; if his taste is so refined that nothing but mutton will satisfy it, then let him make a predatory excursion into some distant flock.

We are having a most delightful Spring, bright and balmy, only showers enough; strawberries have been in our cities for sometime; they are now making their first appearance in the rural districts; a friend sent me a mess yesterday gathered

from his garden. I regret our State is not adapted to cherries; it is true Murillas and other common kinds bear luxuriantly, but I have not eaten twenty in twenty years. We dry them, make tarts, preserves &c. I am fond of them in Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey. Give my kindest love to your Pa and Ma and the rest of the family; write soon;

Your affectionate cousin, as ever,

A. W. DONIPHAN.

(title page)

Journal
of
WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON
A Private Soldier

in the Campaign of
NEW AND OLD MEXICO
under the Command of
COLONEL DONIPHAN
of Missouri

Third Edition.

NEW YORK:
Published by William H. Richardson.

1850

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

JOURNAL

I left my home on West River, Anne Arundel County, Md., the 11th November, 1845, for a southern tour, and after visiting the principal places of the south and west, inspecting the country, and meeting with adventures familiar to all who travel, I found myself, the following spring, located permanently a few miles from Carrollton, Carroll county, Missouri, boarding in the family of Judge Rea, a clever gentlemanly man. Here I formed numerous acquaintances, among them, an old Capt. Markle, who informed me of his intention to visit California, and depicted in glowing terms the pleasure of travelling in new countries, &c. In the meantime, a company of mounted volunteers was being formed in the neighborhood, under Capt. Williams, in which many young men whom I knew, had enlisted. This, together with the enthusiasm which prevailed at a public meeting on the 4th of July, (when the ladies of Carrollton presented the company a beautiful flag, and many speeches were made)—caused me to decide and join the company. I immediately set about preparing—bought my regimentals, canteen, saddlebags, also some books and a writing apparatus for convenience in noting down the occurrences of each day, thinking it probable, should I live to return, it might be a source of amusement to my friends in Maryland.

August 4th, 1846.—This morning we started for Fort Leavenworth. Many of my friends came to take breakfast with me at Squire Dorr's. We met our Captain at Carrollton, where a public dinner was given. The company formed and marched to the table in order. In the evening we mounted our fine horses and proceeded out of town. We passed the Prairie, 30 miles wide, and rode as far as the residence of Dr. Arnold. There were fifteen of us in company, separated from the rest, and all in search of quarters.

Having to water our horses, the Doctor directed us where to go. The way was plainly pointed out, but to our astonishment, we all got lost in the timber. We rode till very late, and might have been put to great inconvenience, had we not met with a servant who set us right. We returned to the Doctor's to muse on our mishap, and to enjoy more hospitality. An ominous beginning for a soldier's life.

5th.—Started this morning in company with the Doctor and his lady, who went with us eight miles to Lexington, and thence to Richmond, where we arrived at 4 o'clock. A few miles further on we encamped. I rode all this day without my dinner. Having had opportunity to become better acquainted with my Captain and other officers, I find them very clever and kind.

6th.—I discovered this morning that my horse was lame from tightness of his shoes. Went to town to a blacksmith who re-shod him. The company could not wait for me, and I travelled alone through a beautiful forest of sugar trees. Passed Elke Horn, and rode until within six miles of Liberty. Here I found our baggage team had given out. Our Captain had gone ahead with the company, and left the second Lieutenant, Mr. Smith, in charge. I discovered Lieut. Smith to be a man of very tender feelings. Several of our company were taken with chills to-night, which is rather discouraging.

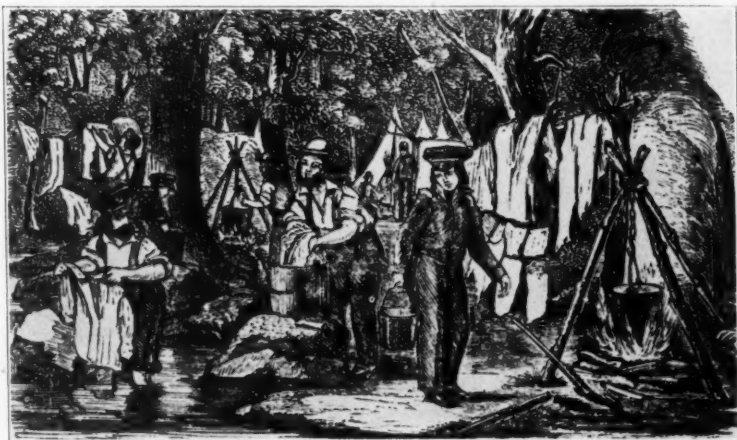
7th.—At day-light this morning our train was under way, arrived in town for breakfast, after which our Captain marched us all over the city. It is a beautiful inland place of 1000 inhabitants. Fifteen miles further on we met our first Lieutenant, just from the Fort. He told us to hurry an and get mustered into service before the other companies should crowd in. We hurried accordingly and reached Platt City at sun-set. I was fatigued and hungry, and went into the hotel to get my supper; when I came out, I found our third Lieutenant had come up with the rest of the men, and were ready to start for the ferry I went on with them. We arrived at the ferry, opposite Fort Leavenworth, about 12 o'clock at night. I went in search of something for my horse. There was a widow lady living near, to whom I applied, and

New York
24 June 1848

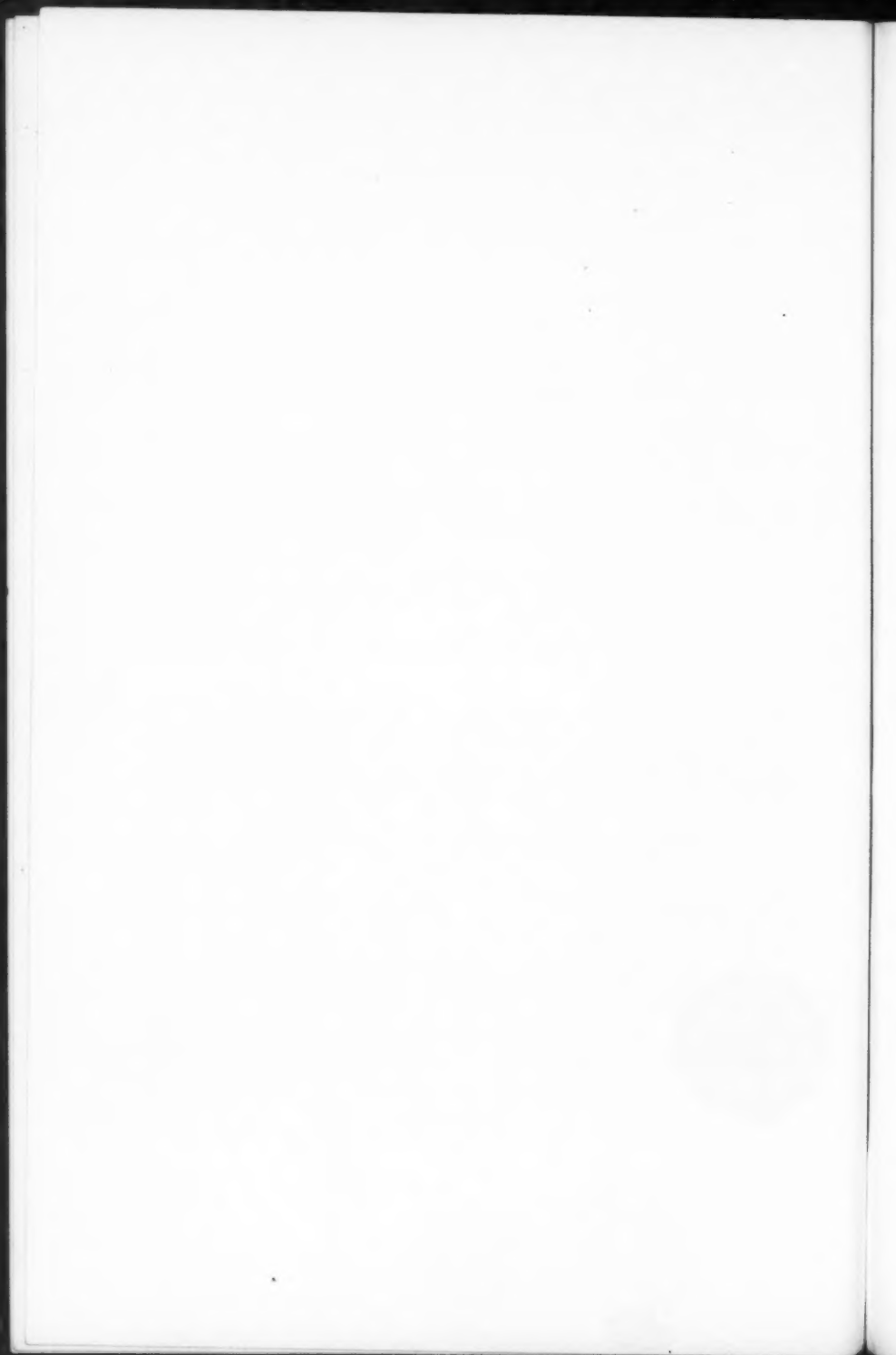
I take pleasure in stating that
Mr F. S. Richardson was a soldier
under my command - that he
is a man of veracity - that as far
as I have examined his narra-
tive I find it true and from
my knowledge of the man
I feel assured it is correct
throughout.

A. W. Doniphan
Lieut. Col. U. S. A.

DONIPHAN'S ENDORSEMENT OF RICHARDSON'S NARRATIVE OF THE
EXPEDITION TO MEXICO
(Reproduced from fly-leaf of Richardson's Journal)



A CAMP WASHING DAY
(Reproduced from frontispiece of Richardson's Journal)



she very pleasantly told me "to go to the crib and help myself." I went, fed my horse, and spent the rest of the night on the unhusked ears in the crib, where I slept soundly.

8th.—Rose early and went in search of my Captain. Found him, with many others, between some fallen trees, wrapped up in their blankets, fast asleep on the sand. We soon prepared for crossing the river, which I felt to be the bidding adieu to friends and home, and almost civilization itself. I was the only one who had taken refreshment. It was fortunate for me that I had made a second visit to the widow and obtained a good breakfast. We were soon all safely over the ferry, 85 in number, men of all grades and dispositions, some very facetious, and others reserved and thoughtful. We were all huddled together, and ordered to form in double file, to proceed two miles from the Fort to erect our tents. We had to wait some time for the wagons which contained our provisions, consisting of mess pork, sugar, coffee, &c. The head of each mess—six in number, had to apply to the Sergeant for the necessary supplies. Having been appointed to the charge of my mess, I went up, took my share, and helped the men to theirs. The first meal I tasted in the Indian territory was supper, and such a supper! It was composed of hard water crackers and mess pork, which would cut five inches through the ribs. I boiled my pork for nearly two hours, and found it still so tough it was harder labor than I had been at all day to eat it. Necessity is the mother of invention, and I fell upon an expedient by which to dispatch it; I took it out, stewed and fried it. But it was yet spongy and stuck in my teeth. I made out, however, with the assistance of a keen appetite; and being very tired, I laid myself down on my blanket in the tent. I had not lain many minutes when our Orderly came by, calling upon the men to form a line. We had much rather slept, but to obey was our duty, and we were soon in the line. We were then drilled by a young officer from the Fort. After drill, the officer commenced counting us off from right to left, and every fourth man had to stand guard.

I was taken as one of the fourth men and placed with eleven others at No. 1, where I had to walk my post two hours. It was quite long enough for a beginning, and I resigned the post with pleasure when the time expired. At 12 o'clock the relief guard put a man in my place, and I went rejoicing to my rest.

Sunday, 9th.—This morning I had to get breakfast for the first time in my life; I was perfectly green at the business, but it had to be done. I filled the kettle with water, browned my coffee, fried the pork, &c. I went on very well until by an unlucky mishap I upset the kettle, and put out the fire. Nothing daunted by the misfortune, I entered upon another trial and was more successful. We paraded immediately after breakfast, and prepared to go to the Fort, where we had the honor of being mustered into service by our Colonel. He called our names, and as each passed before him, he was asked his age, and as many other questions as would afford a pretty good description of his person and history of his life. The Articles of War were then read, and we formed a line and returned to camp. The roll was called soon after, and all that were not present, had to keep guard. So much for playing truant on an occasion of so much importance. I was fortunate enough to be present, and escaped the infliction.

12th.—The past two or three days were employed in strict attention to the duties of a soldier, such as cooking, drilling, &c. To-day, Col. Price assembled the whole regiment at the Fort, to have an appraisalment of horses, saddles, &c. In the afternoon I rode back to the encampment on a large bag of beef in the hot sun. A severe headache was my travelling companion.

14th.—Yesterday and today we had a terrible job, breaking mules to the wagons. It is difficult to muster these stubborn animals into service. I, with a fellow soldier, was detained from the Fort till a late hour. We were employed in the novel pursuit of pulling two of the mules by main force through the hazel bushes two miles. Only think of it! Two of Uncle Sam's worthies pulling a jackass apiece two

miles through the bushes. While at the Fort I called on the minister, who was very kind and affectionate in his conversation and manners. He presented me a Testament, Prayer Book, and a bundle of Tracts—at night we threw copies into each tent, and then sung hymns until it was time to retire.

15th.—This was our washing day. I went with the rest of the b'hoys to the branch, where we kindled three large fires, and put up our camp kettles to boil the clothes. I never boiled any before, and I felt pretty much as I did when I began to cook breakfast. I went to work awkwardly enough, as my scalded hands bore witness. But a man can even wash his clothes when he is obliged to do it, the opinions of the ladies to the contrary notwithstanding. In the evening we ceased our labors as washers of clothes, and went into the branch and washed ourselves. After bathing we returned to camp quite refreshed.

Sunday, 16th.—This morning I thought I would hear the Missionary preach—and with several others, started for the purpose. Just before we got to the village, an Indian informed us there would be no preaching that day. We were greatly disappointed, and turned to wander about awhile and survey the country around. It was wild and picturesque, and the sight of it was gratifying. We met a number of Indians. Their language and gesture were very strange, and they presented a most outlandish appearance. Many of them came into our camp with a variety of things to sell. When we returned, our camp was nearly deserted. The men had gone to the Fort for equipments to commence our march. We hurried on, but only to be disappointed again. Too many companies were in before us. We went back to the camp, and spent the day quietly.

18th.—Every man was well fitted out with a musket and fifteen cartridges, a load of guns having been brought from the Fort. I have now become accustomed to implicit obedience to orders—going and returning on errands to the Fort—breaking mules, looking for strayed horses, cooking breakfast, washing clothes, &c. At night it rained hard, and while

I tried to compose myself to sleep, I felt the shower dripping in my face.

20th.—The important morning had now arrived. It was the morning on which we were to "strike our tents and march away" for California. All was bustle and excitement, and we poor privates had to load the wagons with provisions for our long march. It fell to my lot as usual, to handle the bacon, pork, &c. And yet another trial awaited me: we had not travelled more than a mile, when we came to a deep slough or pond, through which I had to guide a mule. It was the first time I had the honor of leading a mule in gears. I had to dismount and wade through thick mud up to my waist. I had rather carried the mule on my back over a better road. What made the matter worse, I had my new clothes on, and they were almost ruined by the adventure. On stopping to encamp, a messmate kindly poured on water, while I washed the mud off, as well as I could, and laid down in my wet garments, very weary with my day's journey.

21st.—We are now fairly in the Indian country. The place assigned by the Government for the future residence of the tribes who have emigrated from the States. Here we found the prairies covered with grass—a seasonable supply for our horses, and a drove of ninety-five beeves, which we had brought out for present use. A strong guard was stationed around the encampment, at night, as roving bands of Indians were lurking around us, ready to seize any thing they could lay their hands on. We had travelled 12 miles when our Captain thought it best to encamp for the night, as we found a little wood. The want of timber is a great defect in this otherwise beautiful country.

22nd.—We started this morning at 8 o'clock, and travelled 15 miles through a lovely region, when we came to a settlement of the Delaware Indians. Their houses and plantations bear evident marks of civilization. In company with our first Lieutenant, I called at a house, in the door of which sat two squaws making moccasins. Stretched on a bench near by, lay an Indian fast asleep. He was a man of most powerful dimensions, at least six feet four, and fat withal. By his

side rested a club full of notches. We did not care to disturb his repose, for we had slight misgivings that a notch or two more in that fatal war club, might record the finale of our own history. We left him to his slumber, and hastened to the river, where we found several companies of our companions buying and selling among the squaws. Whiskey was the principal commodity, and a number of Indians were so much intoxicated that they could hardly tell a tree from a moccason. The ferry is kept by the Indians. The Kansas river at this place is a bold stream; it was, nevertheless safely passed by all, using boats only for our wagons; about sun-set all landed, and we encamped about a mile from the river.

Sunday, 23rd.—Again we started on our journey. After the first ten miles of a broken country, some high hills appeared. They were very difficult of ascent, and we had much trouble with our teams. In two places we had to put our shoulders to the wheels. Orders were given that every man should secure what wood he could find, and we commenced packing it before us on our horses. A picturesque scene we must have presented, each man with his load of wood before him on his horse. While riding in this way we overtook Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell.

24th.—After passing a few clumps of trees, an immense prairie spread out before us, extending as far as the eye could reach. At 12 o'clock we came to a branch and encamped. The water here is in standing pools, and before drinking and making coffee, we were obliged to strain it through our handkerchiefs. While thus engaged, two Indians of the Sac Tribe made their appearance. They were elegantly mounted, but painted and tattooed in a frightful manner. They are smaller in stature than the Delawares, and at war with them. They called at our camp as a matter of curiosity. One of my mess, Levi Flowers, received a severe kick in his face from a horse, which nearly killed him. His face was much swollen.

25th.—The companies are now all united; having overtaken each other at different places. Our force was 1200 strong. We traveled all day in sight of trees like little dots on the horizon. At the end of our day's march we hoped to

find water, *good* water, which our poor fellows needed after a long hot march, with nothing to protect their heads from the rays of the sun, but their glazed caps. The goal was reached. We rested beneath the shade of a small skirt of woods.

26th.—As usual, 8 o'clock found us ready to start. After a march of 14 miles, we encamped on Beaver Creek. We killed a beef; and the soldiers busied themselves in cooking supper. Not having conveniences of home at hand, we dispensed with our dinner daily, and satisfied ourselves with eating morning and night. Our Captain is a good sort of man, and will no doubt do the best he can for us. And now while speaking of the Captain, I will say a word or two about our Lieutenants. Our first Lieutenant, Mr. White, is nearly always in a good humor. He is large and somewhat corpulent—enjoys a laugh very much. He weights 220 lbs. net. Our second Lieutenant, Mr. Smith, is of the middle size, very facetious, and always ready to accommodate. Our third Lieutenant, Mr. Rock, was formerly a captain of Militia, but volunteering to go with the army to California, we elected him third Lieutenant. He is a little over the middle size, and very reserved and stately.

27th.—After travelling twelve miles we reached the encampment of the Marion company, where we found a poor fellow who was accidentally shot last night, by a revolving pistol. Two men are left to take care of him. It is thought he cannot survive. Poor fellow! His fate is a sad one. Pursuing our journey, we passed Beaver Creek, and after travelling 18 miles, came to the Big John River, where we encamped for the night.

28th.—The Captain told us this morning that we should stop here for a day or two to rest ourselves. And now began a most ludicrous scene. Every camp kettle and other vessel that would hold water was brought in requisition, and the whole regiment commenced washing their clothes. To me it was a most singular sight. While rubbing away at our clothes a rumor reached us that we were on the route to Santa Fe, instead of California. This was news, and what

with washing and what with talking we were kept pretty busy. On the route to Santa Fe, though we entered the journey for California. But alas! no matter where we are. We found our trip was not a "pleasure excursion," as many of our imaginations had so often pictured. The two soldiers we left, today have just come in, after digging the grave of their poor comrade.

29th.—This morning we caught some black trout and catfish in the Big John. They were very fine. Colonel Price had gone ahead, and at 12 o'clock we struck our tents, passed Council Grove, and encamped at 2 o'clock, a few miles further on, where there is a blacksmith shop, established by the government. Here I left letters for my friends in Maryland, to be carried back by the return mail to Fort Leavenworth.

Sunday, 30th.—Saw near the road, one of those singular mounds of which I have so often read. It towered beautifully to the height of 100 feet. It may have been a mount of observation; it may be filled with the bones of the red men of the forest. I have no time, however, to speculate upon subjects so foreign from my present employment. At the end of 8 miles, we came to Rock Creek, and 7 miles further we arrived at Diamond Spring, where we halted for the night.

31st.—This morning I filled my canteen with the refreshing water of Diamond Spring. At the Spring I counted 45 wagons loaded with provisions for the army. Yesterday we entered upon the far-famed *plains* at Rock Creek. The scenery presents a dull monotony, a vast plain, almost level, bounded by the horizon, and covered with a thin sward and herbage.

September 1st.—Came to a place called the "Lost Spring," a most singular curiosity. The stream rises suddenly out of the ground, and after rushing over the sand a few yards, as suddenly sinks, and is no more seen.

2nd.—Today we are at the Cotton Wood Fork. It takes its name from a large cluster of cotton trees, the first I had seen after leaving Diamond Spring. There is a good stream of water here, and we enjoyed the blessing of a fine shower of

rain. A little misunderstanding took place among the officers about starting. Some of them were too slow in their movements, and caused our Captain to collect his men and make a speech. Several of the men were disgusted and became uproarious. A march of eight miles, however, to Turkey Creek, settled the question, and all appeared in pretty good humor. Three miles further on, we came to Second Turkey Creek, nine miles beyond to Third Turkey Creek, and encamped. Turkey Creeks are plenty in this vicinity. How we would have rejoiced if the turkeys had been as plenty at the titles of the streams indicated. Third Turkey Creek is a lovely stream, running through the prairie. Here we wanted wood to cook with. As yet we had not seen any game, with the exception of two rabbits, caught by our men. They were of a novel species, almost white, with long black ears, and as large as a grey fox.

3d.—About 12 o'clock today we came in sight of timber. Passed the Fourth Turkey Creek, and after travelling 18 miles, encamped on the banks of the little Arkansas, which at some seasons is a bold stream, with tremendous cliffs that can be seen at a long distance.

4th.—We are all huddled together in our tents, in consequence of a heavy storm of wind and rain, which came on last night. Some of the tents blew down, and most of the company were in a bad fix. Fires were necessary to keep us warm. We left at 8 o'clock, and after traveling 10 miles, came to Owl Creek. Five miles from Owl Creek we reached Cow Creek, where we encamped. On the left we could see cliffs and timber at a great distance, and some small white spots like sand hills. On the right, nothing but the vast prairie. Just before we arrived at the Cow Creek, an antelope was started. Our boys gave chase and fired several times, but they missed him and he finally escaped. They must shoot better in fight with the enemy. We had scarcely fixed up our tents, when the news came that a buffalo was in sight. In an instant, men on horseback, fully armed, were in pursuit from every direction. He was less fortunate than the antelope. The men had improved a little, and they overtook their game

after a considerable chase, during which they fired fifty times. They killed him at last, and brought some of the flesh to the camp. It was of very little use, for with all our cooking, it was too tough to eat. He was a bull at least 20 years old. We had better let the old patriarch run.

Arkansas Bend, Saturday 6th.—Here we stopped last night after a most exciting day. Herds of buffalo were seen scattered over the plains. The best hunters were picked out to secure as many as possible. The chase was a fine one, 13 were killed by the different companies. I strolled away from camp alone, to one of those mysterious mounds, which occur so frequently to the traveler among these wilds. On ascending it, I enjoyed a most magnificent prospect. It has the appearance of a Fort, but when and for what purpose erected, will long remain a matter of uncertainty. I lingered so long that on my return I found that my company had gone forward, but I soon overtook them. Today we came to Walnut Creek, 6 miles from the mound. I felt stupid and sick; as I was placed on guard last night, on the banks of the Arkansas. I was all alone in the deep midnight, and I sat three long hours, with my musket, looking up and down the stream. I could see a great distance, as the sand on the shore is very white.

7th.—We were preparing to take a buffalo chase, when word was brought that the whole command must be moving. We were much disappointed, for we expected fine sport in the chase. On our route today, we passed Ash Creek, and five miles on came to Pawnee Fork. We saw herds of buffalo, and surrounded one, but they made a break towards the road and crossed among the teams. They did no damage, however, nor was much damage done to them. I rode on briskly to overtake a friend, when my horse trod in a hole made by prairie dogs (a small animal and very numerous here), and fell with me. I received no injury except a little skin rubbed off my knee. On remounting, my attention was arrested by a horse running at full speed, and dragging something on the ground. When he came closer, I discovered it to be a man whom his horse had thrown. The frightened animal stopped a little ahead of me, and I rode up, expecting to see a dead

man, but as soon as his foot was extricated from the stirrup, to the surprise of all, he stood up and said that he was not much hurt. He said that he regretted most of all the loss of his clothes, which were torn in shreds from his body. Another man belonging to our company, by the name of Redwine, had a severe fall. He was taken into camp nearly dead. Chase was made again after buffalo, which appeared in thousands. Many antelopes also appeared, but it requires the fleetest horses to overtake them. Before we encamped we saw near the road side a little mound of stones, on one of which was engraved the name of R. T. Ross. It was supposed to be the grave of a man who was murdered by the Indians in 1840. He is resting in a lonely spot.

8th.—We are now on the banks of the great Arkansas river, after marching many miles through a barren and dreary looking country, almost destitute of grass or herbage. Here there is some improvement in this respect. A heavy rain caused our tents to leak, and drenched the poor soldiers, so that they passed a very uncomfortable night.

9th.—Kept up the river ten miles. A few scattered cotton trees, and cliffs, and sand banks are the only things to be seen. One of Col. Mitchell's men was near being killed to-day by an Indian. He had chased a buffalo two miles from camp, when an arrow was shot, which pierced his clothes; the poor fellow made all the haste he could to camp, with the arrow sticking in his pants. It was well it was not in his skin.

10th.—Last night, as soon as we were all snugly fixed, and ready for sleep, there arose a fearful storm of wind and rain, which gave our tents and ourselves a good shaking. Some of the tents were blown down, breaking in their fall the ridgepoles of others, and bringing them down also. In our tent, four of us held on with all our might, for nearly two hours, to keep it standing. Today we continued our march, traveling 15 miles, on the banks of the river. We saw a large flock of wild geese and tried to get a shot, but without success. They were too wild for us.

11th.—The weather was quite cold this morning, and there was so dense a fog as to prevent us from seeing a hundred

yards ahead. There was an antelope killed today. The flesh tasted like mutton. We encamped by the side of the river, and an opportunity was afforded us of catching fish, which we accomplished by the novel mode of spearing them with the bayonet. Several dozens were caught, and we found them delicious.

12th.—Resumed our journey through the same scenery 12 miles; many antelopes were seen in herds, and prairie dogs barked at us in every direction.

Sunday, 13th.—As we proceed, the country assumes a still more dreary aspect, bare of verdure, and broken in ridges of sand. Our horses, enfeebled by their long travel, have very little to subsist on. The men, too, for the past three days, have ceased to receive rations of sugar and coffee. When we could not get these articles, we did as they do in France; that is, without them. We had to fry our meat, and a few of us entered upon the funny work of making soup out of pork, buffalo flesh, and fish, boiled up together. It was a rare mess, but we pronounced it first-rate.

14th.—After passing over the last 15 miles to-day, we found ourselves at a place called the crossing of the Arkansas. We were then 362 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Our course has been along the margin of the river for 75 miles. At this place are steep bluffs difficult to descend. There are multitudes of fish in the river, many of them were killed by the horses' feet in crossing. We caught several varieties by spearing. A number of antelopes were killed here.

15th.—This morning I felt very dull from loss of rest. We had to give considerable attention to the cattle, horses, &c., to prevent them from straying. I and seven others were detailed to stand sentinel. I was appointed to the second watch, and to be in readiness at the hour, I spread my blanket down in the prairie to take a nap. In two hours I was awakened, and instructed to arouse the Captain of the Watch at the expiration of three hours more; having no means to measure the time but by my own sad thought, and the weary hours being rather tardy, I too soon obeyed the orders, and kept the last watch on duty five hours, to the amusement of all. After

breakfast I took a stroll over the sand hills, and found about a dozen of our boys, inspecting the contents of a large basket, something like a hamper in which the merchants pack earthenware. It contained the skelton of an Indian chief in a sitting posture, wrapped in buffalo robes, with his arrows, belts, beads, cooking utensils, &c. It had fallen from the limb of a tree, on which it had been suspended. Several of the men picked up the beads, and one named Waters carried the lower jaw and skull to camp, the latter he said he intended to "make a soup gourd of."

16th.—I took my seat quietly in the tent this morning, and thought I would rest, as we were to stay a day or two at this place. I was presently surrounded by soldiers begging me to write a few lines for them "to father, mother, wives, friends and homes." I wrote *seven* letters without removing from a kneeling posture, and was kept busy almost the whole day.

17th.—Our Captain told us to get ready to start at 10 o'clock to-day, and as we were to cross a sandy desert 60 miles wide, much water and provisions were to be packed. A number of us were kept busy cleaning the salt from pork barrels in order to fill them with water. Scarcely had we finished this hard job, when the news spread like electricity, "that the mail from Fort Leavenworth had come in." I cannot pretend to describe the scene that ensued. I met our Captain, who said "the Sergeant had a letter for me;" with the most peculiar feelings I seized it and saw the hand-writing of my loved sister in Maryland; my home now so many weary leagues away. The delight I experienced was not unmingled, however, with the thought that perhaps at this very spot, the entrance to a wild desert, I had bid adieu finally to all I held dear. We travelled 22 miles, and as it was late at night when we halted, we spread our blankets on the sand, and slept soundly till morning.

18th.—I rose by day-light, and took a slice of bread and meat. We started early and came 23 miles, where we found some water standing in pools. We tried to erect the tents, but

the wind was too high; had to cook that night with *buffalo chips*; strange fuel, even for soldiers to use.

19th.—After marching 10 miles to-day, we came to the Cimarone Springs—a sweet stream. Here we found grass enough for our poor horses. It is truly an oasis in the *desert*.

Sunday, 20th.—We crossed an arm of the Cimarone, but the waters were dried up; dug for water, but found none. Went on 5 miles further, dug again, and procured enough for ourselves and horses. In our route of 25 miles we saw the ground encrusted with salt. A singular animal attracted our notice. It was a horned frog, a great curiosity. Every thing was involved in a thick cloud of dust.

21st.—One of the members of the Randolph Company, a gentleman by the name of Jones, died last night of consumption. He took the trip for his health, but to-day his remains were interred, not far from the camp, with the honors of war.

22nd.—We still travelled on the Cimarone, though only at certain places could we procure water. A deep sand retarded the progress of the army. On arriving where we had to encamp, we found 42 wagons, laden with goods. They were the property of a Mr. Gentry, a trader who has amassed great wealth, in merchandizing between Independence, Santa Fe and Chihuahua. He speaks the Spanish language, and had nearly a dozen Spaniards in the caravan.

23d.—We had a considerable storm last night, and the hard rain made it rather disagreeable, especially so to me, as I had to do the duty of sentinel in the first watch, with a wolf howling most dismally within 50 yards of me. I would have fired at him, but I had to obey orders and not arouse the camp by a false alarm. We saw to-day the bones of 91 mules, which perished in a snowstorm last winter. The bones were piled by the road side.

24th.—Overtook another caravan; still passing up the Cimarone, whose bed is through the sandy plain; at length we came to a hill from whence we descried the Rocky Mountains, rising abruptly in the distance. In our route we crossed a small spur. Mr. White, our first Lieutenant, with several

others, ascended one, which presented the appearance of frowning rocky precipices. From its highest peaks, he brought down seashell, and petrifications of various kinds. We had great difficulty in procuring buffalo chips. It was very amusing to see the boys in search of this indispensable article, our only resource to cook with.

25th.—We reached "Cool Spring" to-day, and found refreshing and delightful water, bursting from a solitary rock of enormous dimensions, the sides of which are covered with the names of various travellers. Our pleasant officer, Mr. White, called me up, saying "he wished to see my name on a spot he pointed out;" so taking a hearty draught from his canteen, which was just filled, I went up, and had scarcely carved my name, to remain there a monument of my folly, I suppose, when I discovered my horse making off with my accoutrements, canteen, &c. Hurried down and started after the beast. After running a great distance in the deep sand, I succeeded in capturing the runaway. Nineteen miles further on, we encamped in a deep ravine, among cliffs and rocks, here a few cedar trees were found. They afforded a seasonable supply of wood to cook with. The Rocky Mountains were in sight all day.

26th.—After a slight breakfast of bread and meat, we left this inhospitable place in disgust. It did not afford grass for our horses to graze on. We proceeded 12 miles through a dreary waste, and had to encamp at night in a place where there was no water.

27th.—I was awakened by the Sergeant of the Guard at 2 o'clock this morning, it being my turn to stand sentinel of the morning watch. After breakfast we went on 15 miles to Cotton Wood Creek. There we fixed up our tents, but no forage being found for our half-starved animals, we soon took them down again, and proceeded 5 miles on, to Rabbit Creek. At this place there was plenty of grass, and some tolerable scenery, but we were in no condition to enjoy it; being late in the night, we spread our blankets on the prairie, and composed our wearied limbs to rest.

28th.—Our journey was still continued through a dry and sterile land, where there is neither wood, water, nor grass; late in the evening we came to a pool of water. It was cool and good, and we drank of it freely. Our wagons did not come up till very late, and being tired, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down to sleep without supper. We went supperless, not to bed—but to the sod.

October 1st.—The last two days of September we remained at a place called Whetstone Creek, to rest. This Whetstone Creek is another oasis. It was the source of great joy to ourselves and our mules and horses. Our pastime was like the boy's holiday, whose mother allowed him to stay at home from school to saw wood and bring water. Our resting spell was a spell of hard work, and most industriously did we labor in cleansing our arms for inspection by the Colonel. And we had to do a deal of marching and countermarching. Indeed the parade lasted so long, and with so many manoeuvres were we exercised, that the patience of officers and men was worn to its extremity. It was nearly thread-bare. And then came the orders for every man to see to his own provisions and water, as another desert was to be traversed. So we go; changing from bad to worse. To-day, after a march ten miles, we reached the "Point of Rocks," a significant name. Late at night we encamped in a valley between high mountains, where there was some grass, but no water.

2nd.—We still moved on over barren rocks and sand hills. We labored hard all day to leave them behind us. The hope cheered us of soon finding water; we realized it at the far-famed Red River. Our whole force encamped on its banks about night-fall. The waters of this distinguished river are brackish, but refreshing. Incrustations of salt are formed upon the rocks lying above its surface. This river was named Rio Colorado by the early Santa Fe traders, who, without having followed it down to any considerable distance, believed it to be the head waters of the great river of this name, which flows into the Mississippi below Natchez. It has, however, since been followed down to its junction with the Arkansas, and found to be the Canadian fork of that river.

We were now within 140 miles of Santa Fe, having marched more than 600 miles over a country destitute of timber, with but little water, and occupied only by roving bands of Indians, who subsist wholly upon buffalo meat. We saw immense herds of that animal on the Arkansas and its tributaries. The whole country presents, thus far, the most gloomy and fearful appearances to the weary traveller. But rough and uninviting as it is, all who visit New Mexico via Santa Fe, are compelled to pass it.

3d.—We have journeyed well to-day having reached St. Clair Springs. It is a beautiful spot, well watered, and glowing in delightful verdure. It is surrounded by mountains, the surface of which are covered with craggy rocks. We searched for miles around our camp for wood, with little success. The different companies killed a number of antelopes here.

Sunday, 4th.—We are still encamped, and shall remain in our position till the morning of the 5th. I took a walk, to "wagon mound," so called from the shape of its top, being like a covered wagon when seen in the distance. This mountain top is surrounded by a cliff of craggy rocks at least 100 feet in height. A most beautiful view is presented to the beholder. To the south you see hills covered with cedar and pine, situated in the immense prairie; to the north and northwest, are seen mountains with rocks piled upon rocks, with here and there groves of evergreens; far away to the east, is the desert, over which we had just passed. The sides of this mountain are covered with a hard kind of sand, and pumice stone, having the appearance of cinder. Whilst I am writing, being situated as far up as it is prudent to go, an adventurous fellow, by the name of George Walton, has gained the wagon top; two others have also ascended; an achievement that few can perform. North of us there is a salt lake, which we intend to visit this evening.

Sunday Afternoon.—Lieut. Smith and myself took a stroll to the lake. We found a thick crust of salt around its edge, which is several miles in circumference. We returned to camp by a mountain path, very difficult to travel.

5th.—Eighteen miles were passed over to-day through a mountainous country. We had just erected our tents and prepared for rest, when an evidence that we were approaching some civilized country, arrived in the shape of a Frenchman, who met us here with a travelling grocery. This concern came from Moras—a barrel of whiskey was strapped on the back of a poor mule, which stuff some of our soldiers were foolish enough to drink; it sells at \$1 per pint. Such dear drinking ought to make drunkards scarce.

6th.—Saw a mud cottage on the road side today. The sight was most pleasant to our eyes, accustomed as they were for forty-four days to a wild waste. As we rode up, every one must have a look into the house. It was inhabited by a native of North Carolina, whose wife is a Spanish woman. After being somewhat gratified with the sight of a house, though built of mud with its flat roof, we went on 18 miles, and encamped at a town called Rio Gallenas Bagoes. On visiting this place we were struck with the singular appearance of the town and its inhabitants. The town consists of mud huts containing apartments built on the ground. The men were engaged in pounding cornstalks from which sugar is made; the women with faces tattooed and painted red, were making tortillas. We ate some, and found them excellent.

7th.—The wagons which contained our provisions coming in sight, we prepared the wood, which we obtained with difficulty, for boiling the coffee, &c., when Col. Mitchell rode up and told us the wind was too high to encamp. And hungry as we were, we went ahead 17 miles through a forest of pine to Ledo Barnell, where we encamped for the night. A grisley bear was killed today by some members of the Randolph Company.

8th.—We passed the large village of San Miguel today. Col. Mitchell and his interpreter went forward in search of a good place to encamp. The weather was dry and pleasant, with a suitable temperature for travelling. The most disagreeable annoyance is the sand, which is very unpleasant when the wind is high.

9th.—Colonel Mitchell had chosen a spot for our encampment, about 12 miles from our last resting place, near the foot of a mountain. There was no water to be found. Impelled by necessity, we followed an Indian trail over the mountain 5 miles, and after riding through the thick pines for several hours, we found the coveted treasure. As may be supposed, we drank most heartily, after which we filled our canteens, and returned to camp about 12 o'clock at night. We learned that Santa Fe was about 25 miles off.

10th.—We arrived at the mountain pass at 10 o'clock, and reached Santa Fe about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The glorious stars and stripes floating over the city was the first object that greeted our sight. We formed and marched into the town in order. We were received with martial music, and several rounds of blank cartridges were fired as a welcome to us. We paraded in the square fronting the Governor's house. After parade I took a walk through the town. The wagons did not arrive with our tents in time for us to encamp, and with our blankets around us, we laid down to rest. The blue sky was our canopy.

Sunday, 11th.—It was so cold and disagreeable last night, that I found it impossible to sleep. I shivered through the night on the hard soil, and rose this morning with a severe headache. I walked about to keep myself warm. After eating three small crackers for breakfast, I went to church in company with several others, to hear a Catholic priest. The music was prettily performed on various instruments. An old man in the meantime turning round before an image, and after he had bowed to the people several times, the music ceased. All was over, and we returned to camp. I felt sick and sad, for the worship did not refresh my spirits. This evening I was pall-bearer to a member of the Benton Company, who died in the hospital soon after his arrival. We carried him out about a mile from the city to his final resting place. Four others were buried today, who died from fatigue and exhaustion. They belonged to the different companies. The muffled roll of the drum, and the firing of the farewell to the dead, did not have a tendency to cheer me.

12th.—This morning the roll was called, and various duties assigned the soldiers. Some had to work on the Fort, and others to cut and haul wood. In the latter employment I had to become teacher to some green hands. I found the task very troublesome, but performed it to the best of my ability. In the evening I wrote letters to my friends in Maryland.

15th.—The two past days have been employed in preparations for our departure from Santa Fe. We have encountered much trouble and perplexity in getting teams, &c., have to travel 80 miles up the mountains, where we shall take up our winter quarters. We went out 6 miles and encamped. Having a severe headache, I tried my best to get some rest at night, but I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was awakened by the officer to stand guard. I arose mechanically, feeling pretty much as I should suppose a fellow might feel who was on his way to execution. Taking up my gun I went to a large fire, where I sat quietly for two hours, watching my feelings more than I did the camp, for I was very unwell.

16th.—The breaking down of some wagons detained us here till late. After starting, we met a number of Spaniards, mounted on mules. We passed some little patches of corn, badly cultivated, which they dignify with the name of farms. A messmate wishing some red pepper, I called with him at a house, but it was all "*no comprenda*"—"don't understand you," so we got no red pepper. We went on to the next habitation through a broken country; here we found our Third Lieutenant with the interpreter arranging for our camp. As we had to wait for the other companies to come up, I rested on some corn shucks, and very pleasantly did the bed feel. It was a bed of down in comparison with that to which I had been accustomed. I had slept on the ground for more than three months. Nothing grows spontaneously in this country, but the Spanish broom.

17th.—Colds, and other complaints, are becoming common in our ranks. After the fatigue of marching on foot heavily armed, we were illy calculated to do the duties of the camp. Our horses being too much enfeebled for further use, after

our arrival at Santa Fe, were sent up the mountain to recruit. Thus our hardships increase with our progress. The ground being very broken where we encamped tonight, which is in a wheat field, I gathered all the stubble I could, to make our beds soft and even—bought some wood to cook with from the natives.

18th.—I started alone, and tried to overtake two mess-mates, who had gone on before me. I had not proceeded more than 6 miles when I found my two young gentlemen playing cards on the road side. I passed them, and came to a village where I saw a considerable number of Spaniards. An old woman invited me in her house and set before me some tortillas and cornstalk molasses, which were quite a treat. I remained there several hours, but thinking I had missed my way, I was about to take leave, with many thanks for their hospitality, when, to my great surprise and embarrassment, the old lady and her daughter most affectionately embraced me. I suppose it was the custom among these simple hearted mountaineers, but of which I was quite ignorant. I was thankful for the meal my hostesses had provided for me, but the hugging was a luxury I did not anticipate, nor was I the least ambitious of having it repeated. I found my company without much difficulty. We went on and crossed the Rio Grande. In the first stream I got my feet wet; the second was too deep for wading, and I was kindly invited by our Sergeant to mount behind him. We encamped there, having travelled 12 miles that day.

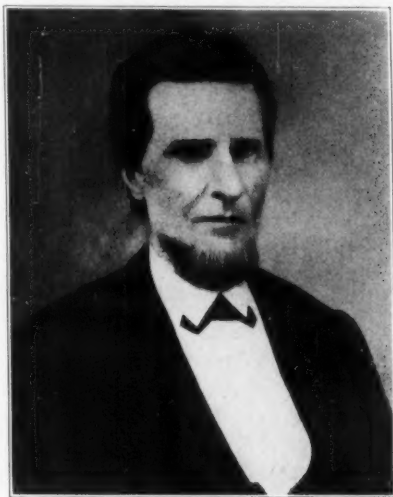
19th.—We were surrounded by the natives, who appeared friendly. When we came to the place where our horses were feeding, we learned from the soldiers in charge, that some of them had died, and that several had been stolen or had strayed away; mine, of course, was among the missing. While the others were preparing to mount, I shouldered my musket and walked on, in sand half a foot deep. The walk was exceedingly tiresome. I saw large quantities of wild geese on the Rio Grande. After marching 8 miles we encamped.

20th.—All on horseback this morning in fine style, except myself and a few others equally unfortunate. We made the



COL. DONIPHAN AS A YOUNG MAN

(Reproduced from *Doniphan's Expedition*, by Wm. E. Connelley, p. 112.)



ALEXANDER W. DONIPHAN

(Reproduced from *Doniphan's Expedition*, by Wm. E. Connelley, p. 526.
Original painting in Library of Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis.)



best use of our scrapers through the sand. After walking a while, we came to a house on the road side, the inhabitants of which, men, women and children, came rushing out. We were at a loss to know what it meant, till we saw them surround a colored man (our Surgeon's cook), who proved a novel sight to them. The poor fellow was quite mortified at being made a show of on account of his color. We went on 8 miles and encamped among the Utah Indians. They are at war with the Navihoes, who have hunted them nearly down. After supper I asked permission of our Captain to accompany Mr. White, and several others to their encampment. Here, around a large fire sat an Indian chief with his squaws. After being introduced by our interpreter, a council was called. After some jabbering, a regular war-dance commenced. Their best warriors, equipped in full costume, and painted most hideously, in twenty different ways, danced furiously around a large fire, to the music of kettles and drums. It was a horrid din, in which mingled the war-whoop. We gazed with astonishment till its conclusion, when an old chief made a long speech. We then returned to our camp to meditate upon what we had seen and heard, and to wonder at the strangeness of character and habit exhibited by those poor creatures.

21st.—We were surrounded by the Indians before our breakfast was over. They came on to Abique, and encamped near us. There are several villages in this place. We arrived about two o'clock, and took up our quarters. The companies under Major Gilpin, which were stationed there, and which we had been sent to relieve, were greatly worn and reduced with their long stay among the mountains. There was another dance at night in the Indian camp—being much tormented with sandburs, I did not go out. We had to eat our provisions half cooked, from the scarcity of wood. I and a messmate were forced to "hook" two small poles from a fodder crib, and when we returned to camp we found the companies on parade, and the Captain telling them the order of the next day.

22nd.—The whole command, viz., two companies from Col. Price's Regiment, consisting of about one hundred and eighty men, were obliged to remove today four miles further up the river, in order to obtain grass and fuel, this place being entirely destitute of either. At night, I went with our interpreter and third Lieutenant to several houses, to buy mutton. While on our errand we met with some ladies; one of them had a dough face; all the rest were smeared with red, and to my fancy, not at all beautiful. We returned to camp without our mutton, and not a little disappointed.

23d.—The country here is bare and sterile to a great degree, but there is an improvement with regard to fuel, which is so necessary at this season, in this mountainous country. I believe we are stationary at last. I was kept busy all day writing letters for the soldiers, many of whom very gladly do my washing and mending in return for this slight service. I had rather at any time write than cook and wash and mend clothes.

24th.—I felt sick today. I took cold from a severe drenching, while on duty as a sentinel last night. A heavy cold rain was falling the whole time. I strove to assist in making our camp as comfortable as possible, and in the evening dispatched two letters to Santa Fe, for my beloved friends in Maryland.

Sunday, 25th.—At daybreak this morning, a number of Mexicans came into camp; jabbering to themselves in a great rage about something. At first we could not ascertain the cause of their trouble, there being no interpreter present, and none of the soldiers knowing enough of the Spanish language to comprehend their meaning; soon, however, it was discovered that about sundown last evening, the Captain of our company had caused the embankment of their mill and irrigating pond to be broken, a short distance above camp, on the bank of the river, so as to prevent it from overflowing the bed of his tent. The water of course rushed out with great force, tearing the embankment down, and washing the earth away for a considerable distance, stopping their mill, and leaving many families destitute of water; all of which serious injuries,

the Captain seemed disinclined to repair. This behavior of the Captain met with but little favor from his men; to their honor be it spoken.

26th.—This morning our Lieutenant went round the camp to get volunteers to repair the broken ditch. All seemed unwilling to do anything; some had their horses to find, others to cut and haul wood. The men had no idea of laboring gratuitously for the repair of a deed wantonly done by their Captain. I, with several others, walked four miles up the river, with our axes, for the purpose of getting wood. We crossed the river several times, in the wildest and most out-of-the-way places, between high cragged mountains, which it was impossible to ascend. We returned to camp with our wagon loaded, though we encountered great difficulty in accomplishing it. We found there was a disagreeable misunderstanding among the officers respecting the embankment. The Captain wished soldiers detailed for its repair, and the Lieutenants thinking it an imposition on the poor fellows to stand in the mud to work such cold weather, without compensation.

28th.—We are now living in the midst of the greatest abundance of life's luxuries. As an evidence of our high living, I will transcribe our bill of fare for the week. It is as follows:

Monday—Bread, beef (tough as leather), bean soup.

Tuesday—Tough beef, bread, and bean soup.

Wednesday—Bean soup, bread, and tough beef, and so on to the end of the week.

The greatest *harmony* prevails in camp, especially among the officers; the Captain and first Lieutenant are the greatest *friends* imaginable; they do everything in their power for the good of the company. They are the *bravest* and most *patriotic* officers in the regiment. In this lovely and fertile valley, encamped on the banks of the Rio Charma, we are enjoying all the *blessings* of life. We are charmed by the surpassing beauty of the Spanish ladies, and living in so much *harmony* with each other, that we almost imagine the "Garden of Eden to have been again raised for our enjoyment; and then, Oh!

heavens, what a luxury, amid these joys, to feel the delightful sensations produced by the gentle and graceful movements of a Spanish *louse*, as he journeys over one's body! The very thought of it makes me poetic, and I cannot resist the temptation of dedicating a line to the memory of moments so exquisite. How appropriate are the words of Moore to such occasions of bliss!

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
I feel the cursed creatures bite,
As scores are crawling round me.

O not like one who treads alone,
The banquet halls deserted;
In crowds they crawl despite the groan
Of him whose blood they started.

When I took up my Journal to add a few items, I found the above had been written by some wag, in my absence. He was disposed to ridicule my description of the felicity of which I boasted. Our boys are rather mischievous, and I must confess that I felt rather waggish myself, when I made the boast of our possessing Eden-like pleasures. The continuation of my narrative pleased me so well that I consented to let it remain as it was written. Our mischievous feeling and manner of expression is the most innocent way in which we can relieve ourselves, for we privates are suffering many privations, while some of our officers refuse to speak to each other. I am glad, however, that our troubles are so merrily turned into ridicule; the best way sometimes to treat them. We are not destitute of sport, however; many amusing scenes occur among us, debating societies are formed among the soldiers, in which the most absurd questions are dilated upon with a vehemence and mock seriousness truly laughable. A breakfast of coffee, without sugar, some very poor beef soup, and onions sliced up with parched corn, made a better meal for us today, than we have had for some days past. Yester-

day I traded off *two needles* to the Spanish girls for six ears of corn and some onions. It was a trade decidedly profitable for both parties. In company with our first Lieutenant, his brother, William White, Dr. Dunlap, and a number of others, I went up on a high peak of the Rocky Mountains. We had been there but a few minutes when it commenced snowing. We kindled a large fire, and amused ourselves by listening to the reverberations of sound produced by our Lieutenant's revolver, who fired six rounds. Becoming thirsty, we searched and found water, in the crevice of the rock, close to the edge of the precipice. It was too far below the surface for us to drink by stooping over, and William White proposed to throw in gravel, in order to raise the water, reminding me of one of Aesop's fables. We followed his advice, and the water was soon forced to rise high enough for our purpose. The snow increasing, we came down and made another fire in a large hollow of the rock, where all but myself sat down to cards. It was an amusement that I did not relish, and I sought my own gratification in loosing the rocks and rolling them down the side of the mountain, which is at least a thousand feet above the level of our camp.

29th.—Today Charles Perkins and myself took our guns and proceeded down the river several miles in search of game. We fired at several flocks of wild geese and ducks, but it only scared them further off. We passed several Spanish houses on our return. When we reached the camp, we found the soldiers at different employments, some playing cards, and others making articles to sell to the natives. A Mr. Hatfield was engaged in the manufacture of a *grindstone* to trade to the Spaniards for corn and beans. These, with onions, are the only vegetables they grow.

30th.—The mountains are covered with snow, and, after raining hard all night, this morning it is clear and cold. We made the best preparations we could to send the wagons back to Santa Fe for provisions, as late last night, our second Lieutenant returned, after an absence of five days, and brought news that we are to take up our winter quarters in this dreadful region. There seems to be very little likelihood of our

going south at all. The officers went in search of other quarters today.

31st.—We had a heavy fall of rain last night, which improved into a snow storm before morning. I slept very uncomfortably, as a high wind from the north had full sweep in the door of our tent. We were inspected at 11 o'clock, and carried through all the evolutions of the drill. After the parade we could scarcely keep warm, though wrapped in our blankets, and crowded around the fire. Yesterday one of our beef cattle died from starvation. The Mexicans came down and took it off to their habitations. We might have made a speculation by selling it, but did not think of it.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

The response of the Missouri public to historical matters is a significant development of recent growth. The indices are too many to be doubted even by the most skeptical. The featuring of history by the press is no longer academic. More articles are appearing each week in country and city newspapers than were printed in one month two decades past. The number has more than doubled even during the last ten years and the greatest development has taken place during this decade.

Evidence of the Missourian's interest in his history is presented in this department of notes and comments. Monuments and memorials, anniversaries and celebrations have become an integral part of his social life. A few years ago only isolated examples are found. Today patriotic and civil organizations, individuals and governmental agencies cooperate to forward these historical enterprises over the entire state.

The attitude of members of The State Historical Society and the number of members are striking commentaries on the renaissance of historical spirit. More historical contributions are submitted every year from a wider field of contributors. More citizens affiliate with the Society every year. More requests for historical information are received. State history has become of interest to tens of thousands and the circle of its students now include thousands as compared with hundreds only a few years ago.

PLANS FOR THE STUDY OF MISSOURI PLACE-NAMES BY ALLEN WALKER READ

Missouri is a richer field for the study of geographic names than any other state. Of the two conditions which make for this supremacy, the first is the successive influences

of many nationalities. Missouri names can be graded into layers. The first stratum, of course, is the American Indian; but in this the names are relatively few, since at the time they were given the Indian had not become romanticized as he is at present. The Spanish occupation is reflected in a few names, and then comes the extensive French domination. Later waves of immigration bring the German, the Scotch, the Irish, and a sprinkling of other nationalities. California, Missouri's closest rival, lacks the French stratum, and Louisiana does not have the later influences.

Missouri names are out of the ordinary for the second reason that the state has an unusual mileage of important, historic rivers. Since the rivers were the life arteries in early times, they have garnered about them unusual historical material.

Many of the names have a story-book quality. Probably the best known story is that of *Rolla*. The patriotic immigrants from North Carolina wished to honor their native capital. Their spelling faculty failed them, however, and they began "Rol-". Then, thought they, if the names called "Anny" and "Rosy" are spelled *Anna* and *Rosa*, surely the "-leigh" is represented by *-la*. In this way the North Carolina *Raleigh* became the Missouri *Rolla*.

Men have named towns for themselves, for their sweethearts, for their wives, for their heroes. The name *Ladonia* is said to be a combination of the family name *Ladd* and the first name of the wife, *Onia*. *Raymore* perpetuates the names of its two founders, Messrs. Rea and Moore. The two founders of another town played the same trick with even better success. Any German will tell you that the name *Altheim* means "old home" and that it probably commemorates the Fatherland. Mr. Alt and Mr. Ziegenhein achieved the name by combining *Alt* with the last four letters of the second except that the *n* was changed to an *m*.

There are more than a dozen *Aftons* in the United States, probably all named by lovers of Burns; but Missouri is distinctive in having the spelling *Afton*. This spelling represents a different origin—the family name, Aff. These are random

illustrations of the material to be found among Missouri names. The citizens of Missouri are fortunate in having such interesting matter to deal with.

The field was thoroughly broken about ten years ago by David W. Eaton. Many readers may remember the series in the *Missouri Historical Review* on "How Missouri Counties, Towns and Streams Were Named." These articles are very valuable, but they were meant largely to map the field and to arouse discussion. "This attempt," he says, "has many deficiencies, the writer is well aware, and it would not be undertaken by him, but that an interest therein may lead others, better prepared, to add valuable material thereto." In some counties, only two or three names are mentioned. The time is now ripe that all extant historical information on this phase of Missouri history should be gathered together.

Many other states are awaking to the study of their geographic names. Minnesota has the weightiest volume, a book of 735 pages of close print. Other states that have been treated fairly thoroughly are Pennsylvania, Nebraska, California, and Washington. A study of Oregon is appearing in installments, and the latest book on the subject is a splendid study of the Indian names of Louisiana. All parts of the country are realizing that the field of name-study has lain fallow long enough.

Place-name study may be approached from two angles. The basic and foremost, of course, is the historical, to preserve the records of the past. A second approach is the linguistic. Geographic names are just as much a part of our vocabulary as the words in the main body of the dictionary: a gazeteer has an integral place in any complete dictionary. Names are affected by the same philological laws. The difficulty with linguistic name-study in America is that there has not been sufficient time for development of forms. The study in hand, then, will necessarily deal largely with the organizing of historical information.

In our design for the study of Missouri place-names, we have divided the state into a number of sections, each to be put in the charge of a research worker. Already work is in

progress on the north central and central sections, under the direction of Professor Robert L. Ramsay. Missouri breaks into sections more easily than most states. The counties which, to use Dr. Raymond Weeks' figure (in *The Hound-Tuner of Callaway*, page 262), "lie strung along the Missouri River like a string of sausages" form a strip which leaves a third of the state to the north and a third to the south. The southern territory breaks into the Ozark plateau section and a Mississippi flood plain section to the east and a plains territory to the west. When the central and northern strips are divided vertically into thirds, the whole state is made into nine divisions.

The research workers carefully sift all materials available at the State Historical Society Library at Columbia. They go through the county histories, the county atlases, the magazines, newspaper clippings, and all possible sources for information.

But at this point comes the true purpose of this writing. A great share of the vital facts about Missouri's names is not written down in the histories. The information is scattered state-wide among numbers of people. Possibly a relative or grandparent of yours laid out a town, and he has told you how it came to be named. Perhaps you can interview an old settler who can remember facts about certain names from pioneer times. *Information from such sources must now be made available.*

Here is a place where everyone can have a part in keeping the record of Missouri's history. The State Historical Society (address: Columbia, Missouri,) requests that you write down whatever information you have or can find and send the letter to them. Your letters will be carefully arranged and numbered in what will be called the *Names File*. Citations in the final work will be to your name and *Names File*, No. —. This was the system used in the state of Washington, where hundreds of letters were received.

The following is a letter from an interested worker in Dade county:

Here is a statement from W. Y. McLemore who was a member of the first business house in Everton. Mr. McLemore says: "Mr. G. W. Wilson (President of the Bank of Everton for the last thirty years) and I were selling goods at the cross-roads a mile east of here when the Frisco road was built in 1880 and 1881. Judge James Ralph Walker, a real estate man of Springfield, bought forty acres of land from John Dunkle.....and laid out the town. Judge Walker laughingly said he was going to name his new town, 'Everytown or Everton.' Out of these jests came the name of Everton.

"Mr. Wilson and I bought Lot 1, Block A, and built a business house on it, the first in Everton. This was in the summer of 1881. The rolling stock was put on the road about June and as I remember, we were ready for business about July or early in August."

The material should in every case be as specific as possible. Official records and deeds should be examined whenever they are available, in order to insure strict accuracy. We are interested in all types of names: of cities, towns, villages, post offices, townships, streams, creeks, lakes, mountains, hills and even schoolhouses when they are not merely numbered. Of especial importance are the names no longer in existence, of abandoned towns and discontinued post offices. We wish to know why a particular name was chosen and what were the circumstances under which it was given. The people, dates, circumstances, and reasons are important. When the evidence is conflicting, we should like to have all sides of the problem.

Such information as you who are reading this magazine can furnish will make the study of Missouri names complete. The generation which laid Missouri foundations has now almost disappeared, and with the disappearance much valuable information has been lost. We must not allow any more to escape. It is urgent that this work be undertaken immediately. Will you help preserve this phase of Missouri history?

Allen Walker Read.

Last summer Mr. George M. Block, attorney, of St. Louis, affiliated with The State Historical Society. His Missouri ancestry of Pike county environment, which went back three generations, was fertile historical soil. Mr. Block found *The Missouri Historical Review* of interest. During October and November he proceeded on his own initiative to interest sixteen of his friends in becoming members of the Society.

There are many more Missourians who would be interested in The State Historical Society if their attention were directed to it. They would regard such an act as that of Mr. Block as a friendly service. The Society's source of strength lies primarily in its members. It can function more effectively as they not only maintain their own interest in its work but enlist the interest of others. The enlargement of the Society's membership is desirable principally because that will enlarge the number of leaders in the field of service and interest in Missouri history.

The first installment of Richardson's *Journal* of the Doniphan expedition, which appears in this issue of the *Review*, is especially worthy of preservation. Richardson's *Journal* is one of the rarest of *Missouriana* and of that special field devoted to the most spectacular and noted of the State's military campaigns—Doniphan's march against the Mexicans. The introductory statement by Mr. W. B. McGroarty, of Falls Church, Va., and the Doniphan letters set forth by him are of significance to all admirers of this leader of men.

The second article in "Missouri History Not Found in Textbooks," which relates to the New Madrid earthquake, is a rare find. Eye witness accounts of this catastrophe are few. The account here presented is valuable and interesting. If any reader of the *Review* recalls having seen this clipping, the editor would be pleased to hear from him. The clipping in the possession of the Society does not bear the name of the paper or the date line. Both are greatly desired. Perhaps

some member in St. Louis can aid in properly placing the clipping.

Students of the Civil War will find Miss Faye L. Stewart's article on the "Battle of Pea Ridge" of interest. A fascinating problem is here presented. Was Curtis practically defeated when Van Dorn retreated? This battle has always been regarded as a decisive victory for the Union army, and it was. Yet, like other victories in the history of campaigns, was Pea Ridge a military paradox?

Another problem, which will long bring forth discussion, is presented by Dr. Walter B. Stevens in his article on "The Tragedy of The St. Louis Republic." Why did "Old 1808" fail after a century of highest journalistic service and despite the enlightened backing of David R. Francis and the guidance of able editors? What factors or means insured survival and success to other St. Louis organs which were lacking in the management of *The St. Louis Republic*? Here is a live question for some student or research worker to answer.

LEXINGTON AWARDED "THE PIONEER MOTHER"

Lexington has been awarded the D. A. R. National Old Trails monument, "The Pioneer Mother," for Missouri. This is a signal honor, and one eagerly sought by other Missouri cities. The monument is one of twelve to be erected by the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the twelve states through which the National Old Trails Road passes. It was required by the Society that the cities contending for the memorial should submit historical data supporting their claims. The award was made on the basis of these claims and in consideration of the beauty and appropriateness of the proposed site. Lexington, as one of the most outstanding pioneer towns on the trail, the scene of a notable military engagement during the Civil War, an early day river port, and the home of the first Masonic college in the world, ranks high among the historic towns of this state.

The added distinction of being on the National Old Trails Road made it eligible for the location of the memorial. The site chosen is at the point where U. S. Highway No. 24 and State Highway No. 13 enter the town from Lexington's beautiful concrete drive and bridge approach—where the old Jack's Ferry road, over which traveled the commerce of the busy days of long ago, winds its way down to the water's edge from its junction with the Old Trail.

PRICES 100 YEARS AGO IN SOUTHEAST MISSOURI

Mr. Joe L. Moore of Commerce, Scott county, Missouri, under date of November 8, presents these interesting facts relating to the history of his section of the state.

"I have a double-handful of well preserved statements, legal documents, powers of attorney and the like, bearing date from 1810 on into the thirties, which are principally made out in the handwriting of one of my great-grandfathers, the late Richard Johnson a sheriff of New Madrid who stemmed the terrors of the earthquake there.

"Part of one of these accounts, which after just passing the century mark, is still in a fine state of preservation reads:

1827		New Madrid, Mo.	Dr.	Cr.
Jan'y	30	James Lee, To Richard Johnson		
		To 3 yards of jeans.....	\$1.87½	
May	3	To 8 qt. of Gin.....	.31¼	
May	14	To 14 Gals Gin.....	19.25	
May	15	To 4, ¾ do Brandy.....	9.50	
Aug.	11	To one empty Whisky barrel...	.50	
Aug.	6th	To 6 lb nails at 15c.....	.90	
Sept.	7	To 7½ lb cheese at 20c.....	1.50	
"	7	To ½ lb putty.....	.25	
July	1	<i>Contra</i> By paid Newt Patterson.....		\$5.00
		By paid, Wm Levin's acct.		13.37

"The mention made of Lone Rock on page 100 of your October *Review* reminds me to relate that about a mile or so

further south on that Chaffee-Oran road is a dwelling house still sheltering happy children, which is known to be the oldest building in Scott County, possibly 100 years old. An old settler, who, if living would now be 93, often told me that when he was a small boy, this home was frequently the scene of many religious gatherings; that often he heard the Rev. Uriel Haw, a Presiding Elder of Methodism, preach there to large neighborhood crowds, in the early forties, and that it was nothing unusual, nor particularly exciting to see the deer or wild turkeys go bounding by, even while meeting was going on. Rev. Marvin T. Haw, now of Kansas City is a grandson of the above named pioneer of Methodism.

"The chief object of wonder in this County, is a large round Indian mound about forty feet high."

LESTER S. PARKER

Lester S. Parker, of Jefferson City, was a man of varied activities; he was a successful manufacturer, a musician, a writer and an artist. He did a great deal toward securing pictures that adorn the walls of Missouri's wonderful capitol building, and he donated many pictures, his own work, to the Jefferson City Baptist Church, which add much to the beauty of the various rooms in that new house of worship. Mr. Parker possessed a sense of humor which made his talks and his writings very attractive.

About ten years before his death, Mr. Parker painted a picture which was used in connection with a calendar that he sent to his friends. The picture consisted of three jennets, one standing in the shade of a tree, one lying down in the grass, and one standing knee-deep in the waters of a nearby stream. Below the picture were the following lines, of which Mr. Parker was the author:

"In this quiet spot, near a gentle stream,
These three friends of mine just sleep and eat and dream;
I worry every hour of the day,
With cares that rack my very life away.

So, when I chance these quiet friends to pass,
I see the world's reversed, and I am the ass."

—Contributed by N. T. Gentry, Attorney General of
of Missouri, Jefferson City, Missouri.

A COUNTY LINE IN DISPUTE

If the judgment of Judge Robert M. Reynolds of the Saline county circuit court is sustained by the state supreme court, a section of land claimed almost fifty years by Chariton county will be made a part of Saline county.

The people of that section, who have lived under Chariton county jurisdiction, paid their taxes here and in every way considered themselves as citizens of Chariton county, will find themselves citizens of Saline county if the judgment stands as the law.

Approximately 3,000 acres, lying in what is commonly known as the "cut-off" district southeast of Brunswick, regarded as Chariton county territory, and over which Chariton county has assumed jurisdiction, has, in effect, been decreed as a part of the Saline county domain.

Judge Reynolds, in passing on the case of A. M. Randolph against the Moberly Hunting and Fishing Club, in which the question of the Chariton-Saline county boundary was the principal issue, held, in effect, that the boundary line between the two counties is in the middle of the old bed of the Missouri river as it existed in November of 1875, and did not change with the stream in its evulsion in June of 1879. Therefore, all the land lying south of the middle and within the bed of the old Missouri river channel prior to its change in 1879 belongs to Saline county, and as such that county has the right to sell and give title.

The old river bed itself was given to the counties adjoining by an act of the legislature passed in 1895.

The fact the officers of Saline county failed to claim or in any way attempt to exercise any right over the territory in question, in the opinion of Judge Reynolds, did not deprive Saline county of this land.

The fact that Chariton county had assumed and exercised all jurisdiction almost a half century and had collected taxes, constituted no bar to Saline county's right the court held.

The case was tried last June and Judge Reynolds has had the matter under consideration since that time. The case is to be appealed to the supreme court.—*Kansas City Star*, September 25, 1927. Salisbury, Mo., date line.

MARK TWAIN LETTERS SOLD

An account of the emotions of Mark Twain when his fortune was swept away by the publishing house he had bought, is given by the author in letters to friends and business associates, which were purchased yesterday from a private estate by Aaron Mendoza, dealer in old books.

Most of the letters are of the late 80's and early 90's when the \$1,000,000 which his writings had brought him were swept away. The letters revealed him as harassed, but kindly, honest far beyond his legal obligations, and writing to keep his mind off his troubles.

"I mean to ship 'Pud'nhead Wilson' to you—say tomorrow," Twain wrote his publisher during one of the years of depression. "It'll furnish me cash for a while. I reckon I am almost sorry it is finished. It was good entertainment to work at it and kept my mind away from other things."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, October 25, 1927. (A. P.).

FIRST EDITIONS OF MARK TWAIN

The set of first editions of Mark Twain known as the Clemens collected set, all in the original bindings except one volume, in full red morocco, was sold to Charles Sessler for \$3,100 at the American art galleries on November 22.

Thirty-one of the sixty-five volumes contain autographical material. All the volumes have annotations in the writing of Merle Johnson, the owner of the collection and biographer of Mark Twain.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, November 23, 1927.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN PERRY COUNTY

The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the historic St. Mary's Seminary, the Church of the Assumption, at Perryville, on October 18, 19 and 20 was the occasion for the portrayal of the history of Perry county. An impressive pageant was arranged under the direction of Rev. John B. Platisha, assistant pastor of the Church of the Assumption. Beginning with the earliest known inhabitants of Perry county, the mound builders, its history is traced successively through eighteen episodes in its development. Indian settlement, then colonization by the whites, the coming of missionaries and the founding of churches, and the county's part in the Civil War were all vividly shown in the pageant. The citizens of Perryville and Perry county united their efforts to assure the success of this commendable and historic pageant.

RICHMOND IS 100 YEARS OLD

Richmond is 100 years old, and has been for several months. At least part of it has. The birth of a town is not so much a matter of seconds, and minutes, or even days, as the entrance of a human into this world.

On May 5, 1827, John Wollard, Isaac Thornton, William B. Martin and William Thornton, owners of vast tracts of land in the central part of Ray County, donated a goodly number of acres to the county, the commissioners (now known as the County Judges), having decided that this was the ideal site for the county seat.

Ray county was considerably larger then than it is now. For it included the towns of Carrollton, Chillicothe, Trenton, Princeton, Bethany, Gallatin, Kingston and Richmond, which have since been designated as seats of justice of separate counties.

On July 20, 1827, the county court, in session at Bluffton, ordered an election, that the proposition to remove the county seat to Richmond might be accepted or rejected by the people.

It was accepted—on August 20th and 21st of that year, 108 votes being cast for it and 55 against it—a total of 163 votes.

But was Richmond a city, even then? Hardly.

For on September 24, 1827, which will be 100 years ago, Saturday, Thomas N. Aubrey, Esquire (if you please), under the direction of William S. Miller, commissioner of the county, started the work of laying out into blocks, lots, streets and alleys the City of Richmond. The town site was divided into 100 lots, and these, with the exception of those reserved for the use of the county, were sold at public auction, commencing Thursday, October 25th, and continuing from day to day.

The first county road leading to and from the City of Richmond was built in November, 1827, and led from here to Jack's ferry, on the Missouri River, which was probably somewhere near the present Lexington bridge.

On the same day that Mr. Aubrey started laying out the streets and lots of the new county seat, the County Commissioners, meeting in regular session, officially named their new meeting place "Richmond," after Richmond, Virginia. And so it has been called for these ninety-nine years, eleven months and twenty-eight days.

To quote from a history of Ray County, published in 1881:

"Richmond was laid out in the midst of a broad field of 'bright, very beautiful maize;' that is to say, where Richmond now stands, John Wollard, in 1827, cultivated a field of corn."

That is the story of Richmond's first days.—By James J. Roark in the *Richmond Missourian*, September 22, 1927.

SPRINGFIELD (MO.), HISTORICAL MARKER NO. 13

The thirteenth of the University Club's historical markers, erected to identify and commemorate sites of historic significance in and near Springfield, was dedicated on the Drury College campus October 12, 1927.

The marker was placed amid the ancient mounds which remain in the open space between the Clara Thompson music

hall and the president's home, about half way between McCullagh cottage and Benton avenue.

The top of the marker is inscribed: "University Club Historical Marker, No. 13". The west face bears this legend: "These mounds mark the site of prehistoric Indian homes. They are believed to represent the remains of thatch-roofed, circular adobe huts similar to those built by the Mandan Indians. Thousands of similar house mounds are widely scattered in groups throughout the Ozarks but are being widely destroyed by agricultural agencies. Their builders antedated the Osages. Meager evidence indicates a non-warlike and agricultural race, probably effaced either by pestilence or by warlike enemy tribes. Erected by Drury College, October, 1927."

The east face of the marker reads: "100 feet east was the old St. Louis road which once ran diagonally through Drury College campus from southwest to northeast. The remains of the earthworks thrown up to fortify this road can still be obscurely seen on the southwest corner of the campus."

HISTORICAL SPOTS IN COOPER COUNTY TO BE MARKED

At the last monthly meeting of the John A. Hain Post of the G. A. R., C. C. Bell and Joseph Memmel were appointed as a committee to mark with a suitable stone marker several spots of historical interest.

Col. Bell has offered to furnish free from his quarry stone suitable for the markers, and samples have been submitted to the Boonville Marble Works for approval.

Among the places that will be marked is the spot where Gen. Lyon fired the first shot in the first Battle of Boonville, June 17, 1861, which is about four miles east of Boonville. Another place that will be marked is the mound where John A. Hain fell in the Boonville Home Guard Battle, known as the second Battle of Boonville, near the present site of St. Joseph's Hospital. The battle took place in September, 1861. The Confederate camp grounds east of Boonville, where the Confederate troops assembled prior to the first Battle of Boon-

ville, and the spot on College Hill where Gen. Shelby and his staff received the officers of the Boonville garrison and agreed on terms of their surrender will also be marked.—Boonville *Weekly Advertiser*, November 11, 1927.

TO HONOR A GREAT FUR TRADER

If present plans are carried out, the state of Missouri will soon pay long-neglected honor to one of her greatest citizens, Gen. William Henry Ashley. For nearly a hundred years Ashley's body has lain in an unmarked grave in an Indian mound near the confluence of the Lamine and Missouri rivers in Cooper county, his name and fame almost forgotten. Now, thanks to the initiative of a Missouri lawyer, Judge Roy T. Williams, of Kansas City, Missouri, whose timely suggestion has been taken up by the Boonville D. A. R. chapter, a movement has been started to locate his grave and place there a memorial in keeping with the importance of his services, not only to the state, but to the whole country as well.

For there was a time when Ashley was a national figure even though it was then little suspected, perhaps, by his fellow-Missourians and even though his significance in the annals of the American frontier has been unappreciated until comparatively recent years. Virginians can claim with Missourians an equal pride in his achievements for he was born in Powhattan county in that state in 1785. At the age of eighteen he came to Missouri territory, or upper Louisiana, as it was then called, and settled first at Cape Girardeau. He was even then a man of considerable education and property and added to the latter by acquiring a large land grant which included what is now Jackson, the county seat of Cape Girardeau county. Ashley next moved to Potosi where he engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder, and later to St. Louis, where he was one of the promoters of the old Bank of St. Louis.

During the War of 1812, Ashley, whose forceful personality had apparently impressed itself upon the community, was made a brigadier general of the state militia. Later when

Missouri entered the sisterhood of states he was to become her first lieutenant-governor and was barely beaten in the race for governor by Frederick Bates. In 1831 he was elected as a Whig to the twenty-second congress, to fill out the unexpired term of Spencer Pettis, who was killed in a duel with Maj. Thomas Biddle, and he was re-elected to the twenty-third and twenty-fourth congresses. But it is Ashley the pioneer, the fur trader, the explorer, and the patron of other explorers, rather than Ashley, the holder of state political office, whose importance extends far beyond state boundary lines, makes him a national figure and gives to the proposed memorial nation-wide interest.

.....Ashley made his home on this grant on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri and Lamine rivers, surrounded by a number of Indian mounds. He was married three times but at the time of his death in 1838 he left no descendants. According to tradition, when he felt that death was near, he walked along the river bluffs looking for a site for his last resting place. His selection was the top of one of the Indian mounds in a bend of the river, overlooking the wide sweep of the Missouri, against whose muddy stream he had set forth upon his "magnificent adventure" and down which had come the boatloads of furs to bring him his vast fortune. There he was buried.—By Elmo Scott Watson in the Boonville (Mo.), *Advertiser*, November 4, 1927.

ST. JOSEPH'S AIR FIELD DEDICATED

Rosecrans air field at St. Joseph was dedicated November 20, 1927. A bronze memorial tablet mounted on a large boulder was unveiled with an impressive ceremony. The tablet bears an inscription honoring Sergt. Guy W. Rosecrans and the other heroes of the air service.

CORRECTION

According to Dr. Wm. G. Bek of the University of North Dakota, Grand Forks, North Dakota, Mr. W. F. MacDonald was in error in his article on "The Missouri River and its

Victims," in listing the steamer "Selkirk". (*Missouri Historical Review*, vol. XXI, No. 4, p. 594). Mr. MacDonald states that this ship was lost at Grand Forks, North Dakota, on the Missouri River, but Dr. Bek says that Grand Forks is on the Red River.

RECENT NEWSPAPER ACQUISITIONS

The Society has recently acquired, by purchase from the Chapin estate, of Alton, Illinois, an invaluable collection of St. Louis newspapers covering the period from 1860 to 1880. It is unfortunate that few of the files are complete, but they will fill a gap in the Society's present files. All are unbound and in rather poor condition, but it is hoped that by careful repairing they may be made usable.

The Society is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of a file of the Hamilton, *News-Graphic* covering the periods from August, 1877, to July, 1882, and July, 1884, to March, 1898. Mr. E. C. Marens, of Kansas City, is the donor.

The Society is pleased to acknowledge the receipt of Volumes 8 and 9 of the Maysville *Register*, published in 1874 and 1875. These two volumes were given by Miss W. B. Schrader, of Yakima, Washington. Miss Schrader will be remembered as the donor of the Society's present file of the *Register* covering the period from 1868 to 1874.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Mrs. W. R. Painter of Carrollton has presented to the historical museum of the Old Tavern at Arrow Rock two cap and ball pistols belonging to Gen. James Shields, formerly of Carrollton, who held more high public offices probably than any Missourian. The pistols were given Mrs. Painter by Mrs. Shields and Dr. Dan Shields, a son, both of New York.

The pistols were given General Shields in 1852 and on the handles is engraved: "R. O. Gorman to James Shields."

General Shields at different times represented Missouri, Minnesota and Illinois in the United States senate. He was governor of Oregon Territory, a member of the supreme court of Illinois, and served as brigadier-general in two wars. A monument to General Shields stands today in the courthouse grounds at Carrollton.—*Kansas City Star*, November 6, 1927.

Delegates to the D. A. R. conference in Marshall visited the Old Tavern at Arrow Rock, and representatives of various chapters took part in a program there. A bronze tablet picturing Daniel Boone and his dog was presented by the Boone Trail Association, and will be placed in the Tavern. D. A. R. chapters presented new light fixtures and a piano to those in charge, reports the *Slater News*, November 1, 1927.

If present plans of the Daughters of the American Revolution are carried out, the old Bay mill, a 100-year-old relic southeast of Palmyra, will be preserved for historical purposes. The committee on preservation of historical spots visited the ancient mill this week and will report their findings to the organization at the next meeting. The wheel is in bad repair and if left as it is would soon collapse. This ancient plant served the community many years, the power for a grist mill being furnished by the old water wheel which still stands beside the building. One of the hugh stones used in grinding remains unbroken.

CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES

The centennial celebration of the Religious of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis began on November 18, the date on which Mother Duchesne died. She was the founder of this society of pioneer teachers in Missouri, locating the order first in St. Charles. Later, in May, 1827, it was moved to St. Louis. It was in her honor that the date of her death was chosen for the celebration.

The First Baptist Church of Springfield celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary in November. It was founded in 1852 when Springfield was a town of 700 inhabitants.

The Trinity Evangelical Church of Lexington, Missouri, has completed half a century of service, having been founded in 1877 by a group of seventeen people. Before the Civil War a number of Germans had settled near Lexington and since there was no organized Evangelical congregation had associated themselves together in what was known as the Deutscher Schulvereni. The Rev. F. Drewell held meetings in the court house during 1876, and the following year called a meeting to organize the congregation. August 15 was the date of this meeting.

The Saint Paul Methodist Church of Springfield celebrated its ninety-sixth anniversary on October 9, 1927. Reverend J. W. Pearson, pastor, paid special tribute to the pioneer ministers who journeyed to southwest Missouri at a time when the trip was a hazardous undertaking, and who were instrumental in establishing the church.

Two Kansas City churches celebrated their seventieth anniversaries beginning Sunday, October 9. They were the First Presbyterian church, at Tenth street and Forest avenue, and St. Mary's Episcopal church at Thirteenth and Holmes streets. The Kansas City *Journal-Post* of that date gives historical sketches of these two pioneer churches.

The Marshall *Democrat-News* of August 25 reports the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the Shackelford parish and the Mount Leonard mission in Saline county on that date. There are few other Catholic parishes of this age in the central part of the state. The parish was founded by a party of young Irish-Catholic men, who went from Charleston, South Carolina, to Saline county, making the trip mainly by boat.

MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS

A statue dedicated to the memory of the pioneer mothers of the West was presented to Kansas City, on November 11, by Howard Vanderslice. It was conceived in love for his own mother, herself a pioneer, typifying those courageous women who fought their way, with their husbands, to a new and unknown country. The statue stands in Penn Valley Park. It was executed by A. Phimister Proctor.

The memorial to all Saline county citizens who helped America in the World War, whether in service or not, was dedicated at Marshall, on October 12, as part of the program of the Saline county Fall Festival. George H. Combs of Kansas City delivered the dedicatory address. The memorial is a bronze statue of a doughboy in action, on a marble base. The cost of the memorial was \$2,700, of which the state gave \$1,000, Saline county \$1,000, and the people of Marshall and Saline county \$700.

Lindenwood College, at St. Charles, paid tribute to the memory of Dr. George Frederick Ayres, president of the college from 1903 to 1913, on October 21, 1927. A dormitory was dedicated to him, and given the name Ayres Hall. The faculty, students, and alumni took part in the dedication ceremonies.

The formal dedication of St. Francois county's new court house occurred on October 13, at Farmington. The following day the bronze memorial tablet placed in the corridor of the court house in honor of the St. Francois county war dead was dedicated. Inscribed on this tablet are the names of all who lost their lives in the World War.

Committees to select the site, design, and inscription for a monument to perpetuate the "Spirit of St. Louis" as embodied in Col. Charles A. Lindbergh were appointed at the second meeting of a group of officers of women's organiza-

tions, yesterday at Jefferson Memorial.—St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, September 14, 1927.

A bronze bas relief bust of Woodrow Wilson was unveiled in Memorial Hall in Independence, Missouri, November 11, as a part of the city's Armistice day program. It is the work of Alida Zilve and a gift of the Independence chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

SPECIAL HISTORICAL ARTICLES ON MISSOURI

A special historical edition of seventy-two pages was published by the Farmington *News* on October 14. It contains many articles on the pioneer history of Farmington and St. Francois county of unusual historical value.

The Union *Republican-Tribune* of August 26 has a supplementary section on the schools of Franklin county which contains much of historical interest. Messrs. A. H. and Herbert F. Steinbeck are the editors of the *Republican-Tribune*.

The October, 1927, issue of *Americana*, published by The American Historical Society, contains an article entitled "The Old Bethel Communistic Colony," by Harold Dailey, of Shelbyville, Missouri. It describes the early life and history of Old Bethel, which is just a few miles from Shelbyville.

The *Valley Trust Magazine*, published by the Mississippi Valley Trust Company of St. Louis, contains a series of articles on the history of St. Louis written by Dale Graham. The series was begun in the issue of March, 1926. It deals with the outstanding facts in the history of the city from the time of its incorporation to the present.

"Manuel Lisa, one of the Earliest Traders on the Missouri River" is the title of an article in the October, 1927, issue of the *New Mexico Historical Review*, which will be of

interest to readers of the *Missouri Historical Review*. The author is Charles A. Gianini, of Poland, New York.

Beginning October 14, the Tarkio *Avalanche* has been publishing a series of historical articles on Tarkio and Atchison county. W. D. Grove is the author of the first series on early day schools, and Mrs. Sue Scott Smith is the author of the second group on the settlement of Center Grove.

NOTES

The entire town of Garber, in Taney county, featured in Harold Bell Wright's book, *The Shepherd of the Hills*, has been purchased by Mrs. Ada Clodfelter, reports the *Kansas City Journal*, November 14. Although one of the old towns in the state, its population is only fifty. The purchase includes postoffice, railroad station, buildings and homes. It is the intention of the owner to establish a tourist resort at this place.

An old-time water mill is still in service at Rochester, says the *Kansas City Times*, November 15. Many farmers still are bringing their grain to this mill to be ground. The old mill with its huge wheel is on the Platte river. It is at the western edge of Rochester in an old 2-story frame building.

Missouri has Peculiar in Cass county, Paradise in Clay county, also Napoleon, Wellington and Waterloo nearby in Lafayette county, but Chariton county has really distinctive names for two of its towns. One of the oldest one-store towns in the latter county is "Mike". A few years ago another one-store town was established about one mile south, and it was named "Pat". Today Mike and Pat dwell in peace and harmony, side by side. The motoring public on highway No. 5 receive quite a "kick" from the names.—*Kansas City Star* October 30, 1927.

The St. Louis *Star* of November 4 contains an interesting article concerning the house where General William Tecumseh Sherman lived when he was in that city. Built for luxury and

magnificence it has been used for several years as a rooming house, and is now the home of the nurses of the St. Louis Baptist Hospital. It was here that General Sherman wrote his "Memoirs". He left the city in 1876.

The *Vandalia Leader* reports that J. A. B. Keith, a jeweler there, is the owner of a clock 125 years old. The cabinet is all handmade and the old timekeeper still performs with regularity. James Keith, the grandfather of the present owner, brought the clock from Kentucky to Missouri in 1816.—*Kansas City Star*, Missouri Notes, October 7, 1927.

A portrait of J. Proctor Knott, who held public office with distinction both in Missouri and Kentucky, was presented to the Missouri Historical Society by the Kentucky Society of St. Louis at ceremonies at the Jefferson Memorial October 28, 1927, reports the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Knott served as attorney general of Missouri and was a member of the Legislature.

Missouri today was admitted to the federal birth registration area for 1927, a check up by the United States Census Bureau having shown more than 90 per cent of babies born in the state since January 1 had been registered. This was the third attempt made by the state to enter this area.—*Jefferson City*, Missouri, September 8, 1927, (A. P.).

The City of St. Louis is to have a new ocean steamer named in its honor, officials of the Hamburg-American Line told Mayor Miller October 14. It is to be launched in 1929, and will be of approximately 17,000 tons.

The one million-dollar highway bridge across the Mississippi River at Louisiana was named "The Champ Clark Highway Bridge: the Gateway to the West," at a meeting of the board of directors of the company at Louisiana a few days ago. A prize of \$100 offered for an appropriate name was divided equally between Mrs. H. L. Banks of Hannibal

and C. C. Moore of Vandalia. More than 300 suggestions were received by the company.—*Kansas City Star*, Missouri Notes, October 7.

SUSQUEHANNA PAPERS WANTED BY THE WYOMING HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, has decided to publish the valuable manuscript material which has recently come into its possession relating to the early settlement of the Wyoming Valley in the colonial era under the auspices of the Susquehanna Company. This material, known as the "Susquehanna Papers," will throw a flood of light upon the occupation of the region around Wilkes-Barre by a group of Connecticut settlers in the decade preceding the Revolution.

That there is in existence additional manuscript material relating to this important subject, which has not yet been brought to light, is evidenced by the chance discovery of a collection of one hundred and fifty manuscripts on the Susquehanna settlements held by a family in Kansas City, whose ancestors had come from Connecticut. These papers had been made available to the Society for publication.

The Society at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., solicit the co-operation of individuals and organizations in notifying them of any such manuscripts.

PERSONALS

MARTIN S. BRENNAN: Born in St. Louis, Missouri, July 23, 1845; died in St. Louis, Missouri, October 2, 1927. He was educated in Christian Brothers College, being graduated in 1865. Four years later he was ordained as a priest. He served in several parishes and in 1910 went to the SS. Mary and Joseph's Church. He was the oldest professor in Kenrick Seminary, having taught there since 1892. His work as an astronomer and scientist gained for him the title of Monsignor, conferred by Archbishop Glennon at the direction of Pope Pius XI. He was well known throughout the

world as a scientist and was a member of the British Astronomy Association, the Astronomy Society of the Pacific, the Astronomy and Astrophys Society of America, the American Mathematical Society, the St. Louis Academy of Science and the American Geological Society.

DEWITT C. CUNNINGHAM: Born in Lima, Ohio, February 2, 1853; died in Doniphan, Missouri, October 26, 1927. He entered newspaper work early in life, and for a time worked in Texas, being the first Associated Press representative in the southwest. He was with Generals Doubleday and McKenzie in their expedition to capture the old Indian chief Geronimo. He served two terms in the Ohio legislature, and about 1893 came to Doniphan, Missouri. At first he was editor of the *Prospect-News*, and later he established the *Ripley County Democrat*. He was editor of this paper for about eighteen years. He took an active part in politics, and was mayor of Doniphan for two terms. In 1926 he was elected representative from Ripley county in the Missouri legislature.

J. WEST GOODWIN: Born near Brownsville, New York, October 3, 1836; died in Sedalia, Missouri, October 4, 1927. At the age of fourteen he entered the printing office of the *Democrat-Union*, published by John Haddock at Watertown, New York. Four months later Mr. Haddock sold his office and young Goodwin returned to the farm. In 1858 he went to Lafayette, Indiana, and during the next two years conducted a paper there and at Frankfort in the interest of the Douglass democracy. In 1859 he lived in Memphis, but the following year returned to Indiana in order to publish a paper at Liberty. At the beginning of the Civil War he closed his newspaper office and tried to join the 15th Indiana Regiment, but was rejected because of his health. He next sought to join the 16th Indiana, but was again rejected. He then went to West Virginia and joined McClellan's army. He served in various capacities until 1864, and having regained his health by that time joined the 62nd Ohio Infantry. Later he served in the 67th Ohio Infantry. He continued in the Army of the Poto-

mac until the surrender of Lee, and was mustered out of service in 1865.

After the war Mr. Goodwin came to Sedalia, Missouri, and soon determined to establish a printing office. Accordingly he began in May, 1868, with a small press, and called his office the Artemus Ward Job Printing House. On June 1, 1869, he issued the first number of an independent Democratic weekly, which he named the *Bazoo*. On September 20 of the same year he issued a small daily *Bazoo*, which for a long time grew rapidly. The *Sunday Bazoo* was first issued March 23, 1873. In naming his paper Mr. Goodwin insisted that *Bazoo* was of Indian origin, and "He that bloweth not his own *Bazoo*, the same shall not be blown." He became a very vigorous and influential writer, and was a bitter opponent of organized labor. He was one of the promoters of a north and south railroad through Sedalia, known as the Tebo and Neosho Railroad, later becoming the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. He was long one of the recognized leaders in Missouri journalism, and was a prominent member of the Missouri Press Association. He was an honorary member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

GEORGE S. GROVER: Born in Madison, Indiana, September 15, 1842; died in St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1927. His family moved to St. Louis soon after he was born and lived there until 1844, when they moved to Warrensburg. He was educated in the private schools of Warrensburg, and the school of George Johnson. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union army, joining the Twenty-seventh Missouri Volunteer Mounted Infantry, in which his father was lieutenant-colonel. In August, 1861, he was detailed as acting adjutant and served until November, at which time he was honorably discharged because of his wounds. After his recovery he re-enlisted three times, and served with distinction throughout many Missouri and other campaigns. Following the war he re-entered the service of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, and served as its agent at Warrensburg until November, 1868, when he was elected county

treasurer of Johnson county. He was again elected in 1870. After his retirement from office he moved to St. Louis and took up newspaper work. Then for thirty-one years he was employed in the legal department of the Wabash railroad. During this time he was admitted to the bar, and in 1906 began the private practice of law. On several occasions he wrote historical articles for the State Historical Society of Missouri, of which he was a former member.

EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX: Born in Fayette, Missouri, May 17, 1847; died in Kansas City, Missouri, November 11, 1927. He was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in 1869, later receiving his Bachelor's and Master's degrees at Wesleyan University. He also held honorary degrees from Emory College, the University of Missouri, the University of North Carolina, Washington and Lee University, and Wesleyan University. He entered the ministry in 1869 and was ordained to preach in 1870. In his early ministry he accompanied Bishop Marvin on his Episcopal visit to China. Later he visited the mission fields of Japan, Mexico, Korea, and Brazil. He was president of Central College, at Fayette, for several years. Bishop Hendrix was elevated to the episcopacy by the General Conference meeting at Richmond, Virginia, in 1886. He was a leading advocate of establishing the Scarritt Bible and Training School in Kansas City, and was made president of the board, which position he held until its reorganization and the removal of the school to Nashville in 1924. He was then made president emeritus of the board. He had retired from active service in 1922. He was the author of several books, and was the first president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Hendrix College of Conway, Arkansas, and Hendrix Hall, Methodist women's dormitory at the University of Missouri, were named in his honor. He was a former member of the State Historical Society of Missouri.

WILLIAM KNOWLES JAMES: Born August 20, 1852, on a farm near Wilmington, Delaware; died November 11, 1927, at St. Joseph, Missouri. When he was fourteen years old

his family moved to Pike county, Illinois, and three years later removed to near Hamburg, Iowa. At the age of eighteen he taught school, and then attended Central College, at Fayette, Missouri. After his graduation from Central College he attended Yale University, receiving a degree in law in 1878. He began the practice of law in St. Joseph and continued until 1913, when he moved to Andrew county and began raising purebred livestock. He was elected circuit judge of Buchanan county in 1898 and served four years. After his retirement from that office he resumed private practice, forming a partnership with William B. Norris. In 1917 he was elected to the state legislature from Andrew county. He was a member of the American and Missouri Bar Associations and the State Historical Society of Missouri. In 1912 he was elected president of the American Farm Congress and was re-elected two years later. He was also president of the Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial School for Negroes at the time of his death.

JOB NEWTON: Born near Georgetown, Maryland, July 28, 1826; died in Springfield, Missouri, November 4, 1927. At the age of twelve he moved with his widowed mother to St. Louis, and lived there until the gold rush in 1849, when he led one of the first covered-wagon trains to California. He returned to St. Louis by the Nicaraguan route in 1851. Later he brought the first supplies into the little Mormon village on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of Utah which was to become Salt Lake City. Then in 1855 he made another trip west, returning to St. Louis the following year. In 1868 he moved to Springfield, Missouri, and made that town his home for the remainder of his life. He organized the first chapter of the Order of Eastern Star in Missouri, and was prominent in Masonic circles.

EDWARD ALOYSIUS NOONAN: Born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1848; died in St. Louis, Missouri, September 23, 1927. He was graduated from the Albany Law University, in New York, in 1870, and moved to St. Louis to begin practice. In 1876 he was elected circuit attorney and served for

six years, resigning to become judge of the Court of Criminal Correction. After six years of service in this position he resigned to become Democratic nominee for mayor of St. Louis. He was elected and served from 1889 to 1893.

FESTUS J. WADE: Born in Limerick, Ireland, October 14, 1859; died in St. Louis, Missouri, September 28, 1927. The year after his birth his parents brought him to America and settled in St. Louis. He received a scanty education in the public schools of St. Louis and at the age of ten he began work. In 1883 he was made secretary of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association and continued as its secretary until 1888. During this period he attended the Bryant and Stratton Business College for four years. This enabled him to become secretary of the August Gast Bank Note and Lithographing Company, a position that he held but a few months. He then organized the Hammet-Anderson-Wade Real Estate Company, a venture that was very successful. From 1888 to 1899 he was president of this company. On November 6, 1899, the Mercantile Trust Company was organized with him as president. Entering the field of finance with unusual vigor he soon became a commanding power, not in St. Louis alone but in the entire country. He continued as head of the Mercantile Trust Company until the time of his death, and was always active in civic and financial affairs.

MISSOURI HISTORY NOT FOUND IN TEXTBOOKS

BOOK OF MORMON CENTENNIAL.

By Jewell Mayes in the *Richmond Missourian*, September 22, 1927.

One hundred years ago—September 22, 1827—Joseph Smith the Prophet received the golden plates from which he translated the Book of Mormon, a cornerstone in the honest faith of many, many thousands of men and women!

"Oliver Cowdery, the scribe," wrote down, with quill and ink, the words, witnessed by David Whitmer and one other man.

And two of the "Three Witnesses" lived, died and were buried here in this town of Richmond, Missouri!

David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery!

The Mormon (Utah) church has erected a beautiful for-all-time granite monument at Cowdery's grave—and it is now a choosing between the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" and the Utah Church as to which organization will promptly render the recognition due the dust of that honorable Richmondite, the late Mr. David Whitmer, to the end of his days the owner and possessor of what may be the only entirely complete surviving manuscript of the Book of Mormon.

You ask "Was the Book of Mormon really kept for many years here in Richmond?"

Yes!

David Whitmer lived here in a story-and-a-half wooden frame residence on East Main street near the William Manley Garage and the Colored Baptist Church, for many years. The Book of Mormon manuscript he owned and treasured like the key to a diamond mine.

He is said to have received it from the hands of Prophet Joseph Smith.

One account is that Mr. Whitmer received the manuscript at Far West, but this seems to be a mooted question.

That Mr. Whitmer owned one of the first or original pen-and-ink manuscripts there is no question.

One historian says that there were but two original manuscripts, exactly alike. One, in possession of Prophet Joseph Smith, was placed in the cornerstone of Nauvoo House, Nauvoo, Illinois. This document was damaged by water and time, yet was largely salvaged when the cornerstone was opened. It is said that most of preserved sheets are in the hands of the Mormon Church at Salt Lake, and that some of the sheets are possessed by the Reorganized Church at Independence, Mo.

The Whitmer manuscript was in the upper room of the David Whitmer frame house when the June 1, 1878, cyclone struck Richmond, destroy-

ing everything around the Whitmer house, but leaving the manuscript untouched, intact! How it missed destruction, is little short of miraculous, being truly inexplicable!

When David Whitmer died, he willed the Book of Mormon manuscript to his grandson, the late George Whitmer Schweich, for many years a prominent resident of Richmond.

For a long time the old manuscript was stored in a safety-deposit box compartment in the Exchange Bank of Richmond.

The manuscript drew men to Richmond from all over the world. William Randolph Hearst, the New York publisher, sent Dr. R. Keene Ryan here to photograph and analyze it, but that investigation was never published, for some reason unknown to the Richmonders who assisted the Reverend Ryan, among whom the writer of these lines is one.

"What did George Schweich ever do with that Whitmer manuscript?" was a question-mark, locally, for many years.

Since Mr. Schweich died, it has been a matter of local curiosity as to what he ever did with the Mormon manuscript—and how much he got for it if he sold it.

On this one hundredth anniversary, the question comes up anew, here in Richmond, Missouri.

"What became of the Whitmer manuscript?"

"What did George Schweich get for the original Whitmer text of the Book of Mormon?"

It is known that the Whitmer manuscript was carefully wrapped, one day, some years ago, by Mr. George W. Schweich, and sent by express to a certain distant city, and that the document was never returned. There was a commercial transaction in local business circles that suggested that Mr. Schweich received a guaranty fee of \$500.00, and that later he received \$4,500. Whether or not he got more (or less) no man has authoritatively stated.

"But who got the manuscript?"

More than two years ago, President Frederick A. Smith, grandson of Prophet Joseph Smith and present head of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints at Independence, Missouri, told the writer privately that he was the person who purchased the Whitmer manuscript.

Not until "The Saint's Herald," through Rev. S. A. Burgess, recently announced the possession of the Whitmer document, did we feel free to mention it in print.

Settling the generation-old local question, The Richmond Missourian states today on unquestioned authority of facts that the David Whitmer manuscript is at Independence, Missouri, and that it was examined in the vaults of the Guardian Trust Company at New York City prior to its purchase by President Smith.

Insofar as we know, this is the first publication of this Whitmer manuscript information in any newspaper, showing the true finale of the

final disposition of one of the remarkable documents of the religious literature of the age.

Readers of *The Missourian* will be interested to know that on last Sunday, September 18th, there journeyed to this city a number of pious Latter Day Saints of high authority, coming for the sole purpose of kneeling at the grave of David Whitmer and Oliver Cowdery. Every hallowed spot anent Book of Mormon history is being touched this week, from Cumorah Hill, New York, to Far West, to Kirkland, Ohio, to Independence, to Salt Lake.

The writer asks leave to speak personally of two of his individual friends whom he considers as a pair of the most genuine gentlemen of his entire acquaintance. They are second-cousins to each other, yet leaders in the two widely differing religious groups—President Frederick A. Smith of Independence, Mo., and Apostle George Albert Smith of the Council of Twelve of Salt Lake City, Utah!

A SAILOR'S RECORD OF THE NEW MADRID EARTHQUAKE

From an old clipping. No date. Probably a St. Louis paper.

It was in the year 1811 that the first great earthquake known to white men in the Mississippi Valley occurred, and the town of New Madrid, in the southeastern part of Missouri, was practically destroyed, its cemetery being especially the apparent object of the seismic convulsion and its dead unburied for the river to carry away.

There are very few trustworthy accounts of the down-river cataclysm, as the people who saw the most of it were neither accurate observers nor given to writing their impressions. Firmin La Roche, who was the patron or master of a fleet of flatboats going down the river from St. Louis to New Orleans at the time of the disaster, has left an account of the earthquake which is still in the possession of his descendants, at Ninth and Soulard streets, and which has never before been printed. It is written in crabbed and contracted French and one of the pages is so mutilated as to be almost undecipherable. Two handwritings are evident in the manuscript, the second being possibly that of the Fr. Joseph mentioned in the story, as it is much more clerkly than La Roche's. The account appears to have been prepared at the request of somebody whose name is not given, but who seems to have put several questions, which La Roche answers seriatim. The document begins:

"New Orleans, Feb. 20, 1812.

"1. I am named Firmin La Roche, sailor, living in St. Louis, and I was present at the earthquake which lately occurred above and below the mouth of the River Ohio along both shores of the River Mississippi. There were with me the Fr. Joseph of the Mission to the Osages, returning home

to France; Jacques Menier, Dominic Berges, Leon Sarpy, Henry Lamel, five other men and the negro slave, Ben, who was killed at New Madrid. I had three boats and I was taking to New Orleans some furs bought in St. Louis.

"2. We set out from St. Louis on Nov. 8, 1811, but because of an accident to one of the boats we were four days delayed near the mouth of the (probably Meramec), and again we had to stop for a time at the Chagres, so that on the evening of Nov. 15, we tied up maybe eight miles north of New Madrid, near the house of my cousin, John Le Clerq.

"3. No, we did not notice that the weather was bad at that time. It was chilly. There was, I think, some wind. I do not remember that there was clouds in the sky. I think not. Neither does Fr. Joseph remember. After we had supper we went to sleep, and I was awakened by a crash like thunder, and the boat turned upon its side so that Lamel, who slept beside, was thrown on me and both fell against the side. It was very dark then. After perhaps half an hour, when we got away from the bank, we looked at the watch and it was 3 o'clock. When I could see, the trees on the shore were falling down and great masses of earth tumbled into the river. Lamel cut the rope that tied us to a log that was there, and in a moment so great a wave came up the river that I never seen one like it at sea. It carried us back north, up-stream, for more than a mile, and the water spread out upon the banks, even covering maybe three or four miles inland. It was the current going backward. Then this wave stopped and slowly the river went right again.

"Everywhere there was noise like thunder, and the ground was shaking the trees down, and the air was thick with something like smoke. There was much lightning. We believed we must surely die. Fr. Joseph gave absolution. We did not see either of the other two boats; one of them we never saw again, nor do I know whether the men in it were drowned. I do not know how long this went on, for we were all in great terror, expecting death."

The following is in another writing, probably the priest's.

"I think there were two great shocks about half an hour apart and many small ones between and after. The water rose so where we were that a tree on the bank whose top must have been thirty feet above the river level was covered all over. All of the crew were sleeping and awoke greatly confused and frightened, so that even a few hours after, when we were again safe, nobody could agree in his recollection of that awful night. It was dark. We saw two houses on fire on the left bank, and when we came to New Madrid there were houses also burning there. The people were crowded out upon the hillside and were in great fear. We tied up to the shore about dawn, and a hickory tree fell upon the boat, killing the negro, Ben, and breaking the left arm of the patron; also the boat was damaged. We ran upon shore, thinking we would be drowned, but the vessel did not sink. Some people called to us that we should go back upon

the water, or that we would be killed. We went on, fearing the land less than the river. When the people there, about twenty at this place, understood that there was a priest present they knelt and had absolution. There were small shocks now and then and much rumbling that frightened us greatly, as we looked for nothing but our destruction, and these noises, we expected, foreran our end. The sound was in the ground, sometimes muffled and groaning; sometimes it cracked and crashed, not like thunder, but as though a great sheet of ice had broken.

"4. We made no effort to find out how many people had been killed, although it was told us that many were. We saw the dead bodies of several and afterwards drowned persons we saw floating in the river. We hastened when it was light to mend the boat that we might get away. The load was thrown into the water by the people who crowded into the vessel with us, until we could take no more. We carried so many that we were all often in danger of being drowned before we could land them again, as the bottom leaked badly."

The handwriting is again La Roche's from this point to the end.

"5. We observed the marks of the earthquake upon the banks on both sides to a point forty or fifty miles south of the River Arkansas. Trees were thrown down. Great cracks were in the soil, some stretching, people said, ten or fifteen miles and very deep. We were told there is a new lake in Tennessee, and the water courses there have been changed. The Yazoo has a new mouth. I was in great pain with my broken arm, and having fever did not observe closely, not knowing that this information would be asked.

"6. Of those who were with me there is not but Father Joseph now in New Orleans, nor do I know where the others have gone, except Leon Sarpy, who has returned to St. Louis. He would be there if a letter was written to him now. My personal loss I make \$600. I hope that this is what you require, and I am sorry that I can tell you so little. It is three months ago now, and even had I written down what we saw when I first got to the city I could say little more. When a man expects nothing but instant death it is hard for him to think or notice anything but his danger.

Your humble servant,

FIRMIN LA ROCHE."

MARK TWAIN AND THE BOOK AGENT

From the *Maysville Register*, July 24, 1874.

A book peddler visited Mark Twain at home to get his subscription for a new book, of which he carried a copy. He found the genial Mark hoeing in his garden. He was kindly received, and asked to take a seat. He took a seat. The seat was on top of a fence, the uppermost rail of which was sharp. He was not happy when he sat down, and he got no

happier as he remained. He remained there, too, a very long while, and Mr. Twain was very kind. He talked to him about the book and its author, whom he knew; about the pictures, and the letter-press, and then he branched off into other and very deep literary subjects, of which the agent knew nothing. After an hour or so Twain hospitably asked the agent into the house, and then he talked to him some more. The agent was getting very tired and very hungry. Twain excused himself for a moment, and staid away an hour, during which time the agent suspects he took his dinner. He came back, and was still very kind and talked again. It was now nearly 6 p. m., and the agent had come about 11 a. m. He had had nothing to eat, and not a word had been said about subscription. He grew desperate and asked Twain if he would subscribe. "I think I will," drawled Twain, "but not to-day—come to-morrow and we will talk about it." The agent decamped, and he now swears—though he had a nice time, and Twain is a good talker—that he will never go back again; no, never.

HISTORY OF SPALDING SPRINGS

From the Bowling Green *Jeffersonian*, August 24, 1927.

Some interesting early day history of the country around Spalding Springs is recalled with the sale last week of the Spalding Springs lake property by Miss Rolla Spalding to Albert M. Roland. This was one of the first settlements in this section of the state. Several years prior to 1800 a Frenchman named Bouvet, with a party exploring along the Mississippi river had come as far as Louisiana when Bouvet declared to his companions that he could taste salt in the water. The other members of the party were skeptical but the Frenchman insisted and continued his search for the stream carrying this salt water. They came up Salt river until they reached a flat where they found a salt lick, which was visited by buffaloes to lick the salt. For a number of years this spot, which today forms the site of Spalding Springs community, was called Bouvet's Lick. About the time Missouri was admitted as a state into the Union in 1821 a man named Trabue acquired several hundred acres of land including this lick, and thereafter for many years it was known as Trabue's Lick. From that time until about the Civil war the making of salt was quite an extensive industry in the community, there still being evidences today of the elm gums which were sunk in the ground and used in the process of securing the salt from the water. The salt was hauled overland to the Mississippi boat landing at Scipio, near where Hannibal was later founded, and shipped down the river to market. With the institution of securing salt by retainer this more primitive method of following this industry became obsolete and the lick for this purpose gradually passed into disuse. Two other early day industries also flourishing in this community were mills operated by the father of M. A. Hornbeck and the members of the Ogle family.

A COURT SCENE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MISSOURI

From the *St. Louis School and Home*, January 5, 1892.

In earlier days in Missouri there presided over the judicial destinies of a large circuit a judge remarkable for his official and social excellences. He was universally known as "Horse Allen," to which title in later years the prefix of "Old" was added. He was a sound lawyer and an incorruptible judge, and in those primeval days imposed a personal regard by the possession of a set of brawny limbs that men said had been called on more than one occasion into active exercise to teach the refractory "how to respect the court." He regarded the bar—composed generally of young men whom he called by their Christian names—almost in the light of his children, and they in turn soon learned to love him as a father. They tell this story on the old judge.

On one occasion while he was holding court in a log cabin in one of the then wild counties of the southwest, two of his boys became so excited over a case, that, after each had in unmistakable language questioned the veracity of the other, an ink-stand had been hurled, and the compliment returned by a forcible propulsion of the Missouri statutes by the maddened disputants at each other's heads. The whole thing occurred so quickly that the judge had not time to prevent it, but he proved himself equal to the occasion.

"Cyrus," he remarked to the sheriff, "adjourn court for fifteen minutes." It was done by Mr. Frost, the sheriff. "Now shut that door, and lock it."

As soon as these orders had been executed, turning to one of the combatants, then State's attorney, and now an eminent citizen and lawyer in California, he said:

"Peter, come out and stand behind that bench!" The representative of the State took position.

"Tom," he continued, to young Horrell (of whose future your historian has lost sight), "do you stand there!" and the attitude was taken as ordered.

"Now, boys," said the "Old Horse," in gentle tones, "you have been guilty of a very gross disrespect of this court, and the court can not and will not stand it, and will take proper steps to vindicate itself. I have always held myself as good a judge of a fight as of the law. In this matter of outrage the court will sit and see it out, and you both shall have fair play. Now pitch in and fight it out."

Nothing loath, the boys went at it fist and skull, for they knew very well that if they did not settle it in this way the "Old Horse" would probably quit his seat and thrash them both—a feat of very easy accomplishment for him. And so they fought, and the judge looked on to see fair play. History does not record which of the two was the victor, but after protracted and exhausting efforts, the judge, turning to the sheriff, said:

"Cyrus, separate them, unlock the door, and open the court."

And when court was opened, he turned to the court and said:

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty dollars each against Mr. Minor and Mr. Horrell for a flagrant contempt of this court."

Before the adjournment the fines were remitted, and the boys were ever afterwards the best of friends.—*Harpers*.

A CIVIL WAR HEROINE

From the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, October 31, 1926.

Missouri, it seems, had her Barbara Fritchie, a Civil War heroine whose fame rests upon a single episode of that struggle, as did the fame of the woman of Maryland whose brave deed John Greenleaf Whittier celebrated in verse. Some have ventured to declare Barbara Fritchie a myth and her exploit a figment of imagination. Be that as it may, this story of the other woman's heroism is sufficiently well vouched for to inspire faith in its truth. It is only by chance that this story was saved from oblivion, and may take a place in the chronicle of that war.

Charles E. Sullivan, formerly of Warrensburg, Missouri, now of Kansas City, who related the story the other day, had it from his father, now deceased. He was a member of Company G, 17th Illinois cavalry, and took part in the fighting which developed in the streets of Independence on the Saturday preceding the famous Battle of Westport.

Early that Saturday morning the regiment named, belonging to one of Pleasanton's brigades, came charging from the east in column along the street which forms the north boundary of the courthouse square in Independence. Unknown to the Union men, the Confederates, in anticipation of such a charge, had taken a hitching chain, which for the accommodation of farmers coming to town on horseback or in wagons, stretched from iron post to iron post along the curb, and had drawn it across the street at just the proper height to trip the horses, and throw men and steeds of the leading squadron into a struggling heap, directly under the guns of a Confederate battery. The battery was posted just west of the square with supports crouching in its rear, and others kneeling behind the wall of a church-yard on its flank.

A more perfect trap could not have been arranged. The guns of the battery were loaded with the proper ammunition for the greatest execution at short range, supplemented by fragments of rock rammed into the muzzles of the cannon. The rearmost squadrons of the charging cavalry regiment, if they were not thrown upon the heap composed of the leaders, would be halted by the downed and desperately struggling mass of men and horses in their front, into which the first discharge of the guns would be poured. The whole command would be under a deadly artillery and rifle fire which seemed must fairly annihilate it.

But just before the front line of charging horsemen reached the unseen chain, a woman—Sullivan and others of the excited cavalymen

remembered—stepped from a doorway and with a single blow of an axe which she carried, broke and knocked to the ground one of the cast iron hitching posts. It was to this post that the north end of the chain was fastened. The chain dropped and the charging cavalry passed safely over it at a speed which swept the astonished artillerymen from their guns before they had time to realize that their scheme had failed, and that it behooved them to fire. Not only the artillerymen but their supports as well were thrown into a disorderly retreat, the deadly missiles of their own guns being discharged at their backs as they abandoned their position.

Who was the woman with the axe, who rendered so signal and courageous a service to the cause of the Union? Does anyone know?

RIDICULE BUILT A RAILROAD

From the *Kansas City Star*, May 15, 1927.

The fact that a lawyer had to walk eight miles in the mud from Shelbyna to Shelbyville was largely responsible for the building of the Shelby county "short line" railroad more than twenty years ago.

M. A. Romjue of Macon, now representative from the first congressional district, had been employed to copy some circuit court records at Shelbyville. Unable to obtain a conveyance to take him from Shelbyna, the nearest railroad point, Mr. Romjue was forced to walk to the county seat.

On Mr. Romjue's return home Joe Heifner wrote a humorous story of the trip in the *Macon Times*. Immediately Joe Doyle, editor of the *Shelby County Herald*, replied with a broadside at the Macon lawyer who had ridiculed the Shelby county mud roads.

While his ire was up Mr. Doyle called a meeting, and as a result stock was subscribed to build the railroad from Shelbyna to Shelbyville. The editor was elected the first president. The new railroad was completed in 1906. Later it was bought by Houck brothers and extended into Knox county. Mr. Doyle is now Mr. Romjue's secretary.

MISSOURI'S LEAD MINING DISTRICT

From the Historical Edition of the *Farmington News*, October 14, 1927.

The Southeast Missouri Lead District, the oldest of the large producing mining districts in the United States, today produces more lead than any other district in the world. Practically this entire production comes from St. Francois county.

The first record of mining in this county was at "Mine a Gebore" in 1742. This mine was on the St. Francis river, near DeLassus. It is quite likely, however, that the miners and explorers under the Frenchman, Renault, discovered other lead deposits in the Mississippi Valley.

Pencault, one of LeSiuer's party, which ascended the Mississippi in 1700, discovered the first lead in the Mississippi Valley. He discovered

lead deposits along the banks of the Meramec river and later in the same year discovered lead and zinc in the Wisconsin district. After these discoveries wonderful stories of the great mineral wealth of the county were carried back to Europe.

In 1717 the patents and special privileges applying to the discovery and operation of mines in the Louisiana Territory were transferred to the "Company of the West," of which company John Law was the principal promotor. Philip Renault was director general of the mines of this company and in 1719 he left Europe, with two hundred miners to develop the mines in the Louisiana territory. He stopped at San Domingo and obtained five hundred slaves. With this company he reached the Mississippi Valley in 1720. He established headquarters at Kaskaskia and sent out exploring parties from there. The purpose of his explorations was to find gold and silver. It is known, however, that he or his followers found and worked mines near Potosi and Old Mines in Washington county and at Mine La Motte in Madison county. The Chickasaw Indians are reported to have obtained lead at the latter place before the coming of the French.

"Mine a Layne" in St. Francois county was discovered in 1795 and "Mine a Manteo" on Big River in 1799. "Mine a La Platte" on Platte Creek was discovered about the same time, while "Mine a Joe" or Bogy Mine, was first mined in 1801. This latter mine is now the property of the Desloge Consolidated Lead Company.

The mines of this early day were merely shallow surface diggings—the lead being found in the clay and flint boulders near the surface. Frequently quite large deposits of ore were found in crevices or caves. The implements used at that time were the pickaxe, shovel, drill, rammer and priming rod. The dirt and loose rock were thrown out by hand to a depth of about ten feet, after which a bucket and windlass were necessary. When rock was struck if it could not be broken with a pick, black powder was used. The ore was then broken and hand picked. The galena was heated or smelted, in a wood fire for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. This was quite a wasteful method of smelting. It was customary to sift, wash and re-treat the accumulation of ashes, after a considerable amount of galena had been roasted to obtain the lead left in the ashes. The lead produced was transported by pack horses and later in charrettes, or French carts, to Ste. Genevieve and from there shipped to New Orleans.

A noteworthy event in the history of the Southeast Missouri Lead District was the arrival of Moses Austin in 1799. He had been engaged in mining in West Virginia and he obtained the grant of one league square, near Potosi, in consideration of which he was to erect a lead furnace. He erected this furnace in 1800. Before this time the lead had been smelted on log heaps or in a rude furnace constructed like a lime kiln and a recovery of about 35 per cent of the lead was made. Austin sank the first shaft ever put down in the district. This shaft was 80 feet deep and was put

down near Potosi. Austin also built the first reverberatory furnace for the smelting of lead in 1802 and with this furnace he is said to have captured the entire smelting business. Shortly after this he erected the first shot tower on the cliffs at Herculanum and also works for the manufacture of sheet lead. Other shot towers were erected at Herculanum and the arsenals at New Orleans and at Havana were supplied with shot from these towers. The Americans at the Battle of New Orleans, in the War of 1812, used shot made at these towers.

From early in 1800 Ste. Genevieve ceased to be the only shipping point for lead, as the shot towers at Herculanum, Rush Tower and other points on the Mississippi River, used about half the lead produced. The river continued to be the only means of transporting the lead any great distance until the building of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroads, now the Missouri Pacific, in 1854.

LEGEND OF WILD HORSE CREEK

By George E. Drummond in the *St. Louis Star*, October 15, 1927.

When you think you have seen all the interesting places in and about St. Louis, there yet remains the Wild Horse Creek region. The tour to this district traverses the Manchester road through the towns of Manchester, Ellisville, Grover, and Pond, to the Wild Horse Creek road. Here one turns to the right and passes rolling fields with an occasional log house tucked amidst quaint old-fashioned gardens—landmarks reminding one of days long past.

On the left, nearly hidden by immense trees, stands a backwoods cabin that is said to have once been the home of Johann Kuhschwanz, the legendary settler of whom the legend of Wild Horse Creek is told. It seems that many years ago the settlers of the neighborhood were startled during the night by the wild beating of horses' hoofs. As one by one they thrust their heads out of windows they caught a glimpse of a small man, his face towards the animal's tail, clinging wildly to the back of an old white horse. The pair traveled with the rapidity of the wind and soon were lost to sight. How the rider managed to hold his perch is a point that never has been settled. The following morning the suspicions of the countryside were confirmed.

Johann Kuhschwanz was missing, as was also an old white mare that had the run of the neighborhood. No information is available as to where the rider and his steed went, or what became of them. Thus did the creek and its adjacent territory take a name from the midnight antics of Johann and his charger.

CROSS KEYS TAVERN RAZED

Cross Keys Tavern has been torn down, reports the *Kansas City Times* of May 19, 1927. "This marks the passing of another of the historic inns on the Boone's Lick trail across Missouri, connecting the Cumberland

road, which ended in St. Louis, and the Santa Fe Trail, which began at the Missouri river opposite Old Franklin, now extinct, at the western end of the Boone trail.

"Built in 1829 by James Jones, Jonesburg's first settler, tavern keeper, first postmaster and first station agent, the former site of the inn where travelers learned the meaning of Missouri hospitality, and stages stopped before the coming of the North Missouri, now the Wabash railroad, is now shown only by the D. A. R. granite marker. . . ."

To Mrs. Wardie Ebert, Mrs. Blanche Purl and Miss Maude Jones, granddaughters of the builder, the old inn was laden with cherished memories, many of historic value. "They will tell the traveler inquirer of the coming of their grandfather, James Jones, to Missouri from North Carolina in 1823, settling first in Lewistown, the Montgomery county seat, moving here in 1829, to rent a part of the Widow Bast's farm and build the western part of the old house. A large sign, composed of two crossed keys, hung near the road.

"The inn was a stage stand on the St. Charles to Old Franklin trail, in 1833. In 1838 Mr. Jones became the first postmaster.

"No postage stamps were used in those years. Yellowed account books, totaling several hundreds of dollars, representing postage charge accounts, are still in the possession of the family, for tradition's sake only, not as a liquid asset.

"Built of hewn logs and later given a clapboard covering, the inn was three full rooms in length, and a story and a half in height, with large, spacious rooms, twenty-four feet square.

"Its interior was trimmed in walnut with mantels, baseboards and chair rails. Full-length porches were then in the front and rear. Negro cabins were in back of the inn.

"In a walnut desk in the center room was 'the postoffice.' Here the postmaster received from five to twenty-five cents for each letter, relayed by the stages which stopped before the door, to change the horses or feed them.

"The tavern, too, was used for 'preachings,' and when the Rt. Rev. Enoch Mather Marvin came, as was the custom, those present remained for dinner, guests of the host.

"On one occasion, still discussed here, Bishop Marvin wore a ready-made suit, the first to be seen in the community, and proudly showed each one present the details of its machine stitching.

"In muddy weather, 2-wheeled vehicles called mud-boxes were the vogue, for carrying the 'overland mail.' Here, on the large bluegrass lawn, dotted with locust trees, the horses grazed, or were stabled, at reasonable costs.

"There's a lot of history linked up with the Cross Keys Tavern,' Mrs. Wardie Ebert recalls. 'The Kountz' Fort, the Gill House, Kenner's Tavern, Rodger Taylor's east of Warrenton, Saunders Tavern at Warren-

ton, our inn here, the DeVault Tavern, the Van Bibber Tavern at Mineola, Drovers' Inn, Grant's Stage Stand, Fulton, Vivion's Stage Stand, Van Horn's Tavern, Rocheport, Arnold's Inn, Heald's at O'Fallon and New Franklin, where the Santa Fe Trail begins, all were associated closely with the first generation of Missouri history.

"Missouri taverns were of their own class, open for 'accommodations' in the truest sense of the word. They established a nation-wide reputation for state hospitality.

"'About the fireside,' said Mrs. Ebert, 'the host and his family visited with wayfarers. The budget of news was discussed and digested. Early court sessions were held in the inn.

"'In a tavern' said Mrs. Ebert, an ardent D. A. R. leader, 'the state of Missouri was born.'

"'In the Missouri hotel in St. Louis, the first legislature met. The first governor, Alexander McNair, was inaugurated there, and the first United States Senators, Barton and Thomas Hart Benton, elected.

"'Expeditions were planned, duel preliminaries arranged and holidays celebrated. In the Mansion House in St. Louis the first constitution was drafted.

"'Van Bibber, Grandfather Jones' neighbor, married a granddaughter of Daniel Boone. His first tavern of logs was added to and became Missouri's first health resort. Henry Clay referred to it as Benton's 'Bethesda,' after the Senator advertised it widely. Washington Irving, visiting it, was so impressed with the surroundings he planned for a time to build a home there, before his mind changed with his entry into the diplomatic service.

"'William H. Rice, another neighboring Montgomery county innkeeper, conducted the first 'European Plan' hotel. Corn bread with 'common fixin's' was 25 cents. Wheat bread with 'chicken fixin's' was 37½ cents.

"'The Rev. Andrew Monroe, who kept the Danville tavern, was a combination preacher-hotel man, and also was Missouri's first prohibitionist, waiving his own scruples only when entertaining the state's chief executive.

"'Captain Kidd, innkeeper at old Georgetown, in Pettis county, once bested George Vest in a battle of wits, to even the score for past remarks about his 'victuals' by telling the young lawyer when he presented his bride, 'By Gum, George, you must have cotched her in a pinch.'

"'It is because of these recollections, and many others, that we regret to see the historic buildings pass,' said Mrs. Ebert."

EARLY METHODISM IN MISSOURI

From the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, October 16, 1927.

..... "As early as 1804, Rev. Jesse Walker was in Southeast Missouri in the interest of the spread of Methodism. This man of

God was a noble missionary. For years he had labored in the Upper Louisiana country and was a circuit rider to whom distance meant nothing, nor did dangers keep him from duty. In 1804 he was officially stationed on the Livingston circuit near the mouth of the Cumberland River and is supposed in that year to have crossed over into Missouri and to have gone as far north as the Meramec river.

In his 'History of Methodism,' Bishop McKendree says: 'Rev. Walker was a church extension society in himself. He was to the Methodist church what Daniel Boone was to the early settlers—always first, always ahead of everybody else, the pilot of the wilderness'

There were perhaps geographical conditions at the time that caused Rev. Jesse Walker to select the present site of Old McKendree as his place for holding worship. At any rate, it is known that long before a church was built this very spot was the gathering place for all to attend an old-fashioned camp meeting. In fact, the old spring from which Walker, Bishop McKendree and a host of other luminaries quenched their thirst still spurts from the hillside to lose itself in the lush grass down in the valley.

It is reported that in 1807 Bishop McKendree crossed the Mississippi for the first time to view the domain that had just been added to his jurisdiction. It is said he presided at the camp meeting held near the spring, and it was to be expected that when a dozen or so years later there were sufficient members of the church, their new house of worship should take his name. Incidentally the Bishop was a man of sturdy qualities who, after visiting in Missouri, struck out West afoot and negotiated more than 1,000 miles in that manner before he returned to his conference to report on conditions in the then wilderness of the West. This was a rather strenuous undertaking for a man who was then in his sixtieth year.

The first generally attended camp meeting was held in 1810—on Good Friday. To it came Methodists for hundreds of miles around and presiding over it were Rev. Jesse Walker and Rev. Thomas Wright and the presiding elder, Rev. Samuel Parker. From that meeting grew the idea of the chapel, and its completion in 1819 was the occasion for the largest turnout of Methodists ever recorded in the West. Its dedication was made the occasion for the holding of the annual conference, an event that was held there three subsequent times.

For more than eighty-three years the church flourished. Old McKendree Chapel, mother of Methodism in the West, was a revered, a sacred spot. Here were held camp meetings as potent in their religious fervor as any since the day of John Wesley. Here came the people every Sunday for their regular worship and two or three times a year for protracted sessions of preaching and meditation.

There is one today in Jackson who remembers Old McKendree when it was in its camp-meeting heyday. He is Isaiah H. Poe, who as boy and man was a faithful attendant at the old meeting house.

'The old church was abandoned about twenty-five years ago,' he said the other day. 'But for years and years it was the big meeting house in this section of the country. Of course, I remember the preaching and the camp meetings. It wasn't boresome to go to church in those days; it was more of a picnic. Especially when "Rough and Ready" Watts was to preach.

'He was an eccentric character and when the news was spread around that he was going to be with us for a week or so, the grounds of Old McKendree fairly swarmed with people. I can picture him yet—a tall, ungainly but physically powerful man riding up the lane, his legs dangling, his jeans coat waving in the breeze. He knew everybody by his or her first name and I must say was not averse to speaking out from the pulpit in calling attention to certain sins of omission or commission of which he knew his friends were guilty.

'There was another preacher Watts about that time—his name was "Slick and Easy" and it used to be the common saying that he preached heaven and happiness, whereas "Rough and Ready" preached hell and damnation. But both of them rode rough-shod over those who didn't want religion.

' "Rough and Ready" was a great character. He was a big man and not afraid of the devil. On one occasion I recall that he was in the pulpit preaching and some fellow in the audience kept interrupting him. Well, he just laid down his Bible, took off his gun—he always carried a revolver—and announced to the people that he would have to lick a man before he could proceed. He did it—and services were not interrupted any more that night.'

ANOTHER VERSION

From the *Kansas City Times*, October 13, 1927.

Contrary to popular belief, the word Missouri never meant in the Indian tongue "muddy river," Jewell Mayes of the state board of agriculture says. In the Illinois dialect of the Algonquin Indian language, "Wic-wes-Missouri" meant "birch bark canoe," and "We-Mis-su-re" was a wooden canoe. The Indians of Missouri were known as "the people who use wooden canoes," so Missouri originally meant "wooden canoe" instead of "muddy river."

EXPLODING A MARK TWAIN MYTH

From the *Kansas City Times*, August 27, 1927.

Isaac H. Bromley was an editorial writer on the *New York Tribune* in the seventies, but he chiefly earned his salary in holding at safe distance the peril of being too serious, which hangs over every really earnest and conservative journal. Riding on the street car to work one morning his attention was caught by the following posted sign:

"The conductor, when he receives a fare will punch, in the presence of the passenger:

A blue trip-slip for an 8-cent fare.

A buff trip-slip for a 6-cent fare.

A pink trip-slip for a 3-cent fare."

Bromley turned to a fellow newspaperman and exclaimed, "By George, it's poetry!" and upon reaching the *Tribune* office he wrote out the "poetry" as follows:

"The conductor when he receives a fare
Will punch in the presence of the passinjare,
A blue trip-slip for an 8-cent fare,
A buff trip-slip for a 6-cent fare,
A pink trip-slip for a 3-cent fare,
All in the presence of the passinjare.

Chorus:

"Punch, brothers, punch with care," etc.

The "poem" was published on an inside page, without signature, and was copied by newspapers in all parts of the country. It not only caught the popular fancy but seized upon it like a nightmare. It was like an eternal roundelay whereupon the eyes once alighting continued to dance until the rhythmic lines were read again and again and the mind wearied. Everybody fell a victim to the jingle and it even traveled abroad where the Parisians took up its monodic sing-song. Mark Twain caught the infection and wrote an amusing account of his sufferings in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title of "A Literary Nightmare." This publication gave rise to a general belief that Clemens was the author of it and that belief persists to the present day.

WHEN MOTOR CARS WERE PESTS

From the *Kansas City Post*, October 6, 1927.

These motor car contraptions are public nuisances and I favor barring them from the streets—Speaker John P. Lynch in 1902.

Motor cars are indispensable now. I wouldn't want to be without one.—Mr. Lynch in 1927.

Can you remember when those motorized carriage contraptions were considered nothing but a passing fad?

They called them "snort wagons" in those days back in 1902 because of the noise and smoke they made.

Just twenty-five years ago this month the city fathers were tussling in the council with the problem of what to do with the newfangled contraptions, of which there were about twenty-five in the city.

John P. Lynch, who was speaker of the lower house of the council then, strongly advocated barring the "pests" from the city streets.

Today Mr. Lynch, who is retired from active business and lives at 925 West Thirty-third street, recalled humorously the agitation against the queer vehicle which was the early motor car.

His attention was drawn to that hectic period when a good horse wasn't safe on the city streets, by an article appearing in last Tuesday's *Journal-Post* in the Twenty-five Year Ago column.

The article spoke of an ordinance to regulate the speed of motor cars to 10 miles an hour. It also quoted Mr. Lynch as follows:

"Speaker Lynch took occasion at this time to say that he favored declaring automobiles public nuisances and barring them from the use of the streets.

"I recently had to sell a \$200 horse at a sacrifice because it could not get accustomed to these noise, fright creating autos. There is altogether too much recklessness on the part of drivers of these pests."

Mr. Lynch today recounted the early experience of the city with the first motor cars. He said they were called "grunt wagons" because of the noise and smoke.

"We thought they were just a passing fad," he said, "and that they would go out of style like the bicycle fad, which at that time just was going out of fashion.

"These first motor cars were queer looking contraptions, belching smoke and making startling noises. They looked like a cross between a carriage and some kind of a machine, with hard rubber tires like carriages.

"Hardly anybody believed they ever would amount to anything, or would ever be used like the horse and carriage. They were a big nuisance, frightening horses off the streets.

"And of course they were new and the drivers knew little about handling them. If a man started to Swope park in one of them, he never knew whether he would get there. It might take him a half hour or it might take a half day."

Mr. Lynch explained that in those days a considerate motor car driver always would stop his machine when he approached a horse-drawn carriage, in order not to frighten the horse.

"I remember," he said, "that about that time Louis Curtis, an architect, now passed away, got one of the first motor cars in the city. It was a sensation, and everybody called it the three-eyed monster because it had three headlights placed in triangular shape.

"The machine was the object of great curiosity and people would go miles to see it, as they did a few years back for the first airplanes. It was an expensive car and Louie used to run it fast to show what it could do.

"We had mounted police in those days and they had a great time chasing the motor cars for exceeding the speed limit. I can hardly imagine a patrolman on horseback chasing the present speeders."

Mr. Lynch recalled attempts of the motor car owners to educate horses to lose their fear of motor cars.

"Runaways were frequent," he said, "because of the fear of the horses for motor cars. To prevent these disasters the motor car owners got together and established a school for horses on Agnes avenue near St. John avenue. Owners of horses were invited to bring their animals and have them schooled in passing automobiles without fear."

THE CROOKED OSAGE RIVER

By correspondent to Capt. Henry Castrop who is writing a series of articles on early boating on the Osage and Missouri rivers in the *Jefferson City Post-Tribune*, June 18, 1927.

. The Osage river has the distinction of being the crookedest river on the face of the globe. When going up the river with a boat at night the moon straight ahead now, and in a very short time is behind you, while the boat is still headed upstream. Many times have I been asked by passengers if the boat had turned around and was going back. One can see the river for only a short distance ahead of the boat on account of the crooks in the river.

I am told that before steamboats were operated on the river it was impossible for folks living near the river to get any rest at night on account of the noise made by the hooting of owls. Every hollow tree was full of them and they would sit in the trees along the river bank and keep up their hooting all night. So finally along came the steam boat winding its way up this crooked river. The next night, after the boat had passed the natives were astonished when they did not hear any hoot owls. They decided to investigate, and imagine their surprise when they found under each tree a number of owls dead, with their heads off. It seems, that an owl, not moving its body, just turns its head to look at anything, and the owls had been sitting in the trees watching the boat going up that crooked river. Keeping an eye on the boat making the many crooks and turns, they were compelled to twist their heads around so much that they twisted them off and they fell to the ground dead. I might say that the natives have not been molested by hoot owls since and have slept peacefully ever since.

HISTORIC HALF-WAY HOUSE NEAR WESTON

From the *Kansas City Journal-Post*, October 9, 1927.

The Half-way House is a deserted landmark about three miles east of picturesque old Weston, Mo., on the turnpike over which passed the stage coaches and wagon trains between 1830 and 1860.

The building of native stone and hand-riven and whip-sawed timbers is 56 by 35 feet and faces south. Its position on the sloping hillside provides for an extra basement story on the east end. Here the foundation becomes the walls of the great kitchen-dining room. It is European and

Feudalistic in spirit. Even now one can visualize the rough gaiety that prevailed at the long sturdy tables lighted by dim candles and the glow from the cavernous stone fireplace where the cooking was done. One can imagine the motley crew of hunters, traders and voyagers that sat at the tavern board and enjoyed the feasts of venison, wild turkey and other pioneer foods.

In this room the window casings are of oak boards two inches thick and twenty inches wide; the joists are huge and the hand-hewn beams of black walnut are a foot square and thirty feet long.

In one corner a small room is walled off with stone and this was where the food and liquor supplies were kept.

A narrow stone passage at the back leads to the most interesting feature of the tavern: a vaulted, cave-like room of stone, 27 feet long, 17 wide and 10 deep—the floor being several feet below the level of the tap room. Modern hotels provide sample rooms for their clients, likewise did the Half-way House, but for what a different commodity!

The trade in Negroes flourished in this section because they were needed to raise the chief crop, hemp. In this dungeon, lighted and ventilated by three small slits 24 by 9 inches, slaves were kept chained to heavy iron rings in the ceiling while the traders regaled themselves elsewhere. Eight of the rings are still in place.

From the lower level one may pass directly to the outside or mount very narrow stairs to the floor above which has the center-hall plan with two large rooms on either side. Here the fireplaces of brick and stone have fallen in heaps, and wind and weather may work their ruin through the gaping windows, but the walnut weatherboarding and floor boards are sturdy as ever.

The base of the stairway to the left shows in the front hall, but to go up one passes through a door into the back hall and turns.

The loft extends over the two front rooms and the hall and is lighted by small square windows in the ends. This for the common traveler while "quality" slept in a room below.

A wide porch once extended across the entire front and this and the beautifully panelled double door, a half of which still hangs, were reached by a flight of broad steps.

When steamboat traffic stopped at Liberty Landing, the cargoes were transported by wagon trains to the northwest through Weston, St. Joseph and as far as Council Bluffs, and it was then that the Half-way House was in its heyday. By this tavern came the troops and supplies for Fort Leavenworth and this was the first stopping-place on the Oregon Trail, which had its real start in Liberty.



